

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume VI, No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1922

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One Dollar and Half Per Year

2 SECTIONS

SECTION I



THANKSGIVING NUMBER

THE AMERICAN GIRL

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Effective November 1, 1922

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN PRICE

Article	Price
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Poncho (45 x 72)	3.25
Poncho (60 x 82)	4.50

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	38-42	3.25	WEB BELT	28-38	.60
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x EX-PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON.	.30		

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4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.

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THANKSGIVING

used to mean dinner at grandma's, with turkey and plum pudding; perhaps a sleigh ride in the afternoon—charades with the old folks, and a brisk walk home over the sparkling snow! We did have the best times—at least, so we thought!

But nowadays we believe that Girl Scouts have an even better time, for almost every troop makes a special effort to bring joy into the hearts of some people less fortunate than they. For example: Soon after Thanksgiving, last year, we received reams and reams of letters from Girl

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Scouts all over the country, telling us of their "Good Turns."

And so we want to urge the new troops to do likewise, and try it out. Send a big basket of delicious autumn fruits and vegetables with a pumpkin pie or a jar of cider apple sauce to an unfortunate family; take a trip to an Old Ladies' Home and sing jolly songs, or invite some children to your Thanksgiving party or entertainment—in other words, make the community as *thankful* and *proud* to have Girl Scouts about as you are to belong to the finest organization for girls in the whole wide world.

Then go home or to grandma's to dinner, and you will find that it never tasted so delicious before—just because you've discovered the true spirit of Thanksgiving.

Progress of the Certificate Appeal to the Lone Troops



The following are the Lone Troops that have made donations during the past month and have received certificates:

Troop 1—Uhrichsville, Ohio.....	\$10.00
Troop 1—Salem, Ohio.....	10.00
Troop 1—Whitehall, N. Y.....	10.00
Troop 1—Willimantic, Conn.....	20.00
Troop 1—Milton Village, Conn.....	10.00
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Troop 1—Fairview, N. J.....	15.00
Troop 1—Farmville, Va.....	5.00
Troop 1—Bergenfields, N. J.....	10.00
Troop 1—West Brattleboro, Vt.....	2.00
Troop 5—Spring Valley, N. Y.....	10.00
Troop 1—Hillsdale, N. J.....	10.00
Troop 1—Vineand, N. J.....	10.00
Troop 1—Mountain Lakes, N. J.....	15.00
Troop 1—Fort Dodge, Iowa.....	6.08
Troop 1—Ishpeming, Mich.....	15.00
Troop 2—Lidgerwood, N. D.....	5.00
Troop 1—Kingfield, Me.....	10.00
Troop 2—Parkersburg, W. Va.....	10.00
Troop 1—Clarion, Pa.....	10.00
Troop 2—Woodbury, Conn.....	5.00
Troop 1—Painted Post, N. Y.....	5.00
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Troop 1—Westcliffe, Colo.....	10.00
Troop 2—La Crosse, Wis.....	10.00
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Troop 1—Middleboro, Ky.....	10.00
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Troop 1—Nunda, N. Y.....	20.00
Troop 1—Orange, Calif.....	10.00
Troop 1—Norwich, Conn.....	10.00
Troop 1—Manchester, N. H.....	25.00
Troop 1—Indian Head, Md.....	10.00
Troop 2—Noblesville, Ind.....	12.00
Troop 5—Niagara Falls, N. Y.....	10.00
Troop 1—Georgetown, Conn.....	10.00
Troop 1—Chatham, N. J.....	20.00
Troop 1—New Bethlehem, Pa.....	10.00
Troop 1—Port Plain, N. Y.....	5.00

"The Girl Scouts of Ramah, Col umbine Troop, gave three food sales on three successive Saturdays, and cleared ten dollars, for which we inclose a check to help spread Scouting."

"Five of our number and our captain spent a week at the Colorado Springs Girl Scout camp, Camp Vigil. It was a wonderful trip, and we are very grateful to Colorado Springs for inviting us to join their camp."

"We have worked hard this summer, also, raising money to carry on the public library we have founded. We have close to \$50 worth of books now, most of them new."

"We are also keeping up the tennis court, though our girls have so much work to do at home that they have little time for play."

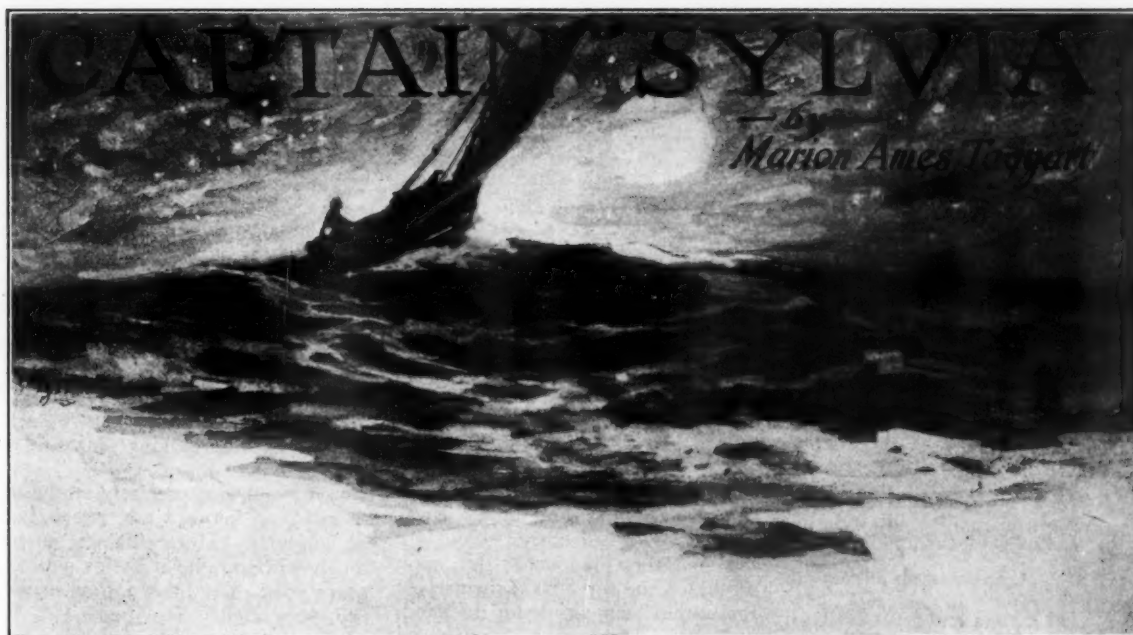
Girl Scouts Parade

National Girl Scout Week in New York City opened with a parade of eight thousand Girl Scouts, who marched up Fifth Avenue, keeping step to martial music. In other large cities throughout the country the Girl Scouts also marched and gave the public a fair idea of their numerical strength. In New York each girl carried a gift for some child in a hospital, and these were later taken to many of the institutions. During the week the girls showed in other ways what they have done and what they are doing to make themselves better citizens and better housewives.

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CHAPTER X.
Strangers Within the Gates.

IF you'll put on clothes you never want to wear again—or else chain armor, I'll tell you something and show you something, this afternoon," said Sylvia, pausing at Mrs. Leveritt's gate to say good-bye to Ruth, who had come so far with her.

"Which are the clothes for? To hear in or to see in? Why do I have to wear such strong, or else such good-for-nothing clothes, to be told something, or shown something?" laughed Ruth.

"You don't, if we stop with the telling, but you do if it comes to showing," returned Sylvia. "Want to go mystery stalking, in a jungle, this afternoon?"

"Not Lloyd?" hinted Ruth.

Sylvia pursed her lips dubiously and made a little grimace.

"A boy?" she said. "Still, of course, he's all right. I do like him. But two nice girls never seem to need a boy around, do they? I love to romp with boys when there's a crowd of girls and boys, but if it's just one or two friends, then I'd rather leave out the boy. But bring Lloyd; it is sort of contemptible to drop him out of our things."

"All right; we'll come—or are you coming here?" she asked.

Sylvia shook her head. "No. Nearer to start from my house," she said, and ran off.

Ruth and Lloyd made their ap-

pearance immediately after their own lunch. Sylvia at once pounced upon Ruth's costume.

"Haven't you anything but that dress?" she asked, disapprovingly. "It's sure to be torn to tatters. Lloyd is all right; khaki will stand 'most anything, but that dimity!"

"I have other dresses, Sylvia, but this is the one I care least about. I didn't bring real shabby things to Aunt Helen's; it's got to do," Ruth said.

"No, it hasn't got to do," Sylvia corrected her. She departed, and in a few minutes whistled for Ruth to come to her room.

"I found the skirt I wore the summer before last, which is just right for you—so off with the new and on with the old!" Sylvia announced.

"No wonder they call you Captain Sylvia!" cried Ruth, but not objecting to being ordered about by this girl.

"Now," Sylvia began, when she and Ruth had rejoined Lloyd and O'Malley on the piazza, "this is the secret, and remember, under no circumstances—*none*—are you to tell, or look, or in any way betray, that you know a single thing about it. And you are not to go there ever without me. Promise! On your honor!"

"Where aren't we to go? What aren't we to tell?" demanded Lloyd.

"Where I'm going to take you; what I'm going to tell you," said

Sylvia. "Promise first, on your sacred honor."

"Oh, promise first!" exclaimed Lloyd, contemptuously. "We have promised. Coming here to be told a secret is the same thing as a promise not to tell, isn't it?"

"Well,"—Sylvia granted the justice of this. "One day, not long ago, I went walking with O'Malley. We went into a path I'd always wanted to explore, but never had. We got into the worst brambles, the most overgrown path you ever in all your life saw—dreadful! It is dreadful! But I kept on—"

"Trust you!" grinned Lloyd.

"And at last I came upon a tiny house," Sylvia continued, with a glance at him.

"It has a lean-to roof, and it looks old; it's going to pieces fast. It sits in almost as great a tangle of briars as fill up the path to it, but you can see where the garden used to be. Then—here's the greatest part of it—there's a path right down the dune in front of the house, to the *beach*! And at the foot of the path there is a cove, with a great rock hiding it from the bay, a cove in which a rowboat could easily be used, and if the tide were high, a little sailboat might come in there!"

"What of that?" asked Lloyd.

"I don't believe anybody knows that house is there! Of course, I can't be sure of that, but I do believe it. It would be the greatest place for—for anything. Gabriel

Gaby said that there was a story about smugglers using that inlet long ago. Can't you see what a splendid place it is? Only, I don't know what it could be used for."

"Sure thing!" cried Lloyd, suddenly and unexpectedly catching fire, his imagination enkindled by the magic word "smugglers." "A lair, you know."

"That's what I thought," cried Sylvia. "But then, what would the lair be for? It all seems like something big that you couldn't quite get your hand on."

"Let's find a hatchet and take it along. I can chop off the scratchers."

"What a bright idea, Lloyd! How did you happen to think of it? Of course, we can cut out the path," Sylvia said, turning to go after a hatchet.

AFTER Sylvia had returned with the hatchet the expedition was ready to start.

Ruth found the path trying almost beyond endurance, but Sylvia and Lloyd enjoyed battling their way through the obstacles besetting it. The hatchet proved to be useful; it was possible to get through without such wounds as Sylvia bore from her first exploration of this path.

"Here it is!" Sylvia announced triumphantly, pointing out the small house which so interested her.

"Did you go inside?" asked Ruth, after they had all three flattened their faces against the dingy window panes on all sides.

"Yes; but we can see all of it, except the upstairs, and that isn't much—can't be much under this slanting roof," Sylvia told her. "We must go down the path to the beach; the cove is what I like best."

"Somebody has been inside lately," said Ruth. She pointed to vines freshly torn from before the door, and to a splinter on the bottom of the door, still showing a white wound, proving that there had not been enough time since it was made to blacken it.

"There surely has been some one here!" cried Sylvia, instantly excited. "To think of your noticing that—you, who don't care at all about any of it! Then some one besides ourselves does know of this house, Lloyd! Oh, how I wish I could find out about it!"

She led the way down the duneside. It was steep and hard to travel, with its obtrusive branches, weeds and slippery, sand soil.

The tide was high, and Sylvia pointed out to her friends that there was enough water in the cove to float *The Walloping Window Blind*.

She dropped down and had her feet bare in a moment; Lloyd was only an instant slower, but Ruth took off her shoes and stockings so reluctantly that both the others laughed.

"Ruth does certainly hate to do anything she's not used to doing," said Lloyd.

The three paddled out along the edge of the cove, even Ruth admitting that the soft sand and cool water felt good to her tired soles.

When they had come out upon the beach the three shod themselves again, and went on down the sand. As they drew near to Gabriel Gaby's shack O'Malley stood stiffly motionless for a moment, then he bounded forward growling. There, engaged with Gabriel in talk, stood two strangers, one of whom was her interlocutor at the fence on the morning that her aunt had come.

"Those men!" Sylvia exclaimed, stopping short.

"Who are they?" cried Ruth, ready to be afraid of them.

"I don't know. They are staying somewhere in town—want to know authors, or artists, or students of some sort," said Sylvia. "Never mind; they are all right. I wouldn't mind hearing what they say to Gabriel. It's safe enough to stop if Gabriel Gaby's there."

SHE went on, slightly in advance of the other two. The men looked up as she approached, and both saluted her with a deep bow.

"Here's our young lady of the garden, and also of the early morning walk," said the man to whom Sylvia had twice before spoken.

"This is the girl I told you about, always sailin' and rampagin' round. Knows the whole country—coast in partic'lar," said Gabriel proudly.

"Indeed! I had no idea she was already a sort of acquaintance of mine," said the stranger. "Will you properly introduce us, Mr. Gaby?"

"Miss Bell—Miss Sylvia Bell. Her friends, stayin' in town this summer, Miss Ruth Hapgood, Mr. Lloyd Hapgood: cousins, these are,

not sister and brother," said Gaby, feeling called upon to make everything clear. "But I d' know's I ever heard your name?"

"My name is William Lindley; this is my friend, Mr. Edward Gersom," said the spokesman.

JUST so. Sylvie an' the Hapgoods, this is Mr. Lindley. He's here lookin' fer oyster beds—huntin' oysters. I tell him they ain't any hereabouts. An' he's lookin' up rocks and things of that sort, at the same time. What do you call 'em? A nater stoodent?"

"And authors and artists?" suggested Sylvia, looking into Mr. Lindley's eyes.

"Oh, well, not precisely studying them, you know; not precisely," he laughed. "Merely like to get in touch with people of tastes similar to my own. You have a good memory, Miss Bell."

"She knows more about this part of the country than the old settlers," said Gaby.

"This gentleman was askin' me a sight of questions, Sylvie. Says I to him: 'There's a girl here could tell you a lot mor'n I could, young's she is, on account of the way she runs 'round.' Then you just happened along. Nothin' I've ever noticed more in the course of my life, than the way things happen in it."

"They do, indeed, Mr. Gaby," said Mr. Lindley. "The way things keep happening in this life of ours is one of its most noticeable characteristics. Miss Bell, would you object to telling a stranger—a student, who loves your beautiful coast and town, anything that strikes you as interesting about it? What I'd like to find is a hermit, or a haunted house—anything interesting, mysterious, romantic!"

"Like oyster beds, or geology?" asked Sylvia.

Mr. Lindley darted upon her a look so sharp, so sudden, that Sylvia could not maintain her look of blank innocence. Her face changed, she knew that into her eyes there flashed a conscious look; she knew that she looked guilty of something that she was trying to hide, although there was nothing of the sort in her mind. But Sylvia felt a distrust of this stranger so violent that it took possession of her.

"You are not a little girl, after all, Miss Sylvia Bell," said Mr. Lindley, after a brief silence in

which he had keenly scrutinized Sylvia's flushed face and veiled eyes. "I think you are wiser than you seem, or mean to seem. If you knew of anything really interesting or important in your native place, would you share your knowledge with a stranger?"

"Wouldn't that depend upon what it was?" asked Sylvia. "I don't like to talk unless—unless—"

"Unless what? Unless you know to whom you are talking?—Possibly why he was interested in this section?" suggested Mr. Lindley. "Quite right, Miss Bell. Again let me say that you are not a romping, thoughtless girl, as you are considered. It is my opinion that you may be the person whom I should like to take into my confidence. I have talked to almost everyone in this place, and have not found anyone who seemed likely to further my studies. I have an impression that you could. Some day, before long, I shall make a point of seeing you. Please don't distrust me. I assure you that I am not in the least dangerous, nor

engaged in lawless pursuits." He looked again keenly at Sylvia as he said these last words, but they had no significance for her and her troubled eyes did not change as they looked steadfastly into his.

Sylvia drew Ruth's hand through her arm and walked on down the beach. Lloyd, who had been having trouble with a shoe string, came running after them and caught up with them.

"Say, Sylvia, what's up?" he said, the moment he had done this.

"Yes, what is?" echoed Sylvia. "You see it, too, don't you? I haven't an idea. I am wondering and wondering. Why does that man say he's interested in so many things—such queer ones? What does he mean I could tell him? I've seen him—this is three times. He makes my back creep! I don't like him, I don't know why, but I don't like him! He scares me. He worries me. It all seems too silly, but he does."

"I don't see what could harm you, whatever he's up to," said Lloyd sensibly. "I wouldn't worry. You don't have to talk to him.

And you don't know haunted houses, nor hermits, do you?"

"Of course not! Except hermit cakes!" Sylvia cried with a sudden lifting of her gloom. "But that's partly why. It seems too silly to be sniffing around this nice, quiet place, where there never has been anything queer."

"I wonder if he isn't sent here to find some special thing that you don't know about," said Ruth. "It seems so funny that he knows just exactly what kind of a thing he wants to hear about. He doesn't ask about anything, no matter what, that is interesting; it has to be just the right thing."

"Ruth, you are so queer!" cried Sylvia, stopping short to regard her friend with surprised admiration. "You don't seem to bother one bit about things, and then, all of a sudden, you say just what I've been wanting to say. Of course, that's it. He wanted to be told about people who stayed off by themselves, and did some kind of work, secretly; that was the first time he said anything about it. And this time it is mysteries, or hidden things, too. He doesn't want to hear any kind of story that is interesting—only those kinds!"

"There isn't anyone like that here, working secretly, is there?" asked Ruth.

"Except your father," said Lloyd.

Sylvia cried out and pressed both hands over her ears.

"Stop! Stop! she cried. "I won't let you! I won't hear it in my own head!" With that, and without another word of farewell or comment, Sylvia turned sharply to the right and fled up a path that ran over one of the steepest dunes, her head down, looking neither to left nor right, running as one runs in a heavy wind or to escape from blows.

CHAPTER XI.

Sylvia Points the Way.

WHAT do you want to do?" asked Ruth.

Sylvia laughed. "I'd like to go down on the sand and make houses, the way I did when I was no size at all, and just play! It's a great deal more like doing nothing than it is to sit and hold your hands."

"Tink, dear, I never thought of asking you to hold my hands!" Lloyd assured her gravely. "Never once thought of it! But, of course, if you feel like it——"



Sylvia darted off up the steep path like a deer.

"Well, then, *one's* hands! cried Sylvia. "And if it wasn't several hundred degrees in the shade today, I'd use my hands to some purpose, Master Lloyd, making it pleasant for your impertinent self."

"I know what you mean, Sylvia," Ruth interposed. "Fooling loafing is more loafing than doing nothing. Let's go down to the beach and play."

Sylvia went into the house and came back after a while with a small basket in which lay a suggestive white napkin, enfolding something that promised cookies and a thermos bottle.

"Made some lemonade, good and cold, and got some cookies," Sylvia announced, a little breathlessly. "If we're going back to building sand houses we've got to have something to munch. Kiddies always have crackers and cookies and apples to eat."

They went down to the beach through the dune path which, being oceanward, was shady in the afternoon.

At the foot of the dunes there was deep shade; their height cut off the heat of the sun, now just dipping westerly from high in the southern zenith.

Sylvia instantly threw herself upon the fine white packed sand, cooled by an outgoing tide that had moistened it, some of its refreshment remaining though the heat had nearly dried it.

Like three children, these two nearly grown girls and equally grown boy scooped out the damp sand, piled, shaped, spread it, almost in silence for a long time.

"I believe I'm working in my sleep," said Ruth at last. "Isn't it dreamy here?"

She turned, releasing the cramped elbow upon which she had been resting her weight, half lying, half erect and, as she turned, her eyes fell upon the man who had called himself Lindley when the three had met him and his companion before Gabriel Gaby's shack a few days before. He had come over the sand in white canvas, rubber-soled shoes, so quietly that O'Malley had not been aroused from his deep slumber, so it was not strange that mere human ears had not heard his approach.

He smiled and raised the soft linen cap which he wore as Ruth turned and he saw that he was discovered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Bell, Miss Hapgood, Master Hapgood," he said, advancing. "Pray don't move. I am sorry to have you jump up; you made a pretty tableau. Are you forcing time to turn backward in his flight, or are you really younger than I thought you?"

"We were warm and lazy," said Sylvia, assuming a grown up manner quite foreign to her, to balance her accounts. "But we were having a good time."

"I'm quite sure of it," returned Mr. Lindley. "May I join you? Thanks. I believe everybody likes to play in the sand. I rather hope, Miss Bell, that you are not quite a little girl. I want to confide in you, to consult you. Will you be so good as to give me a little while, and—if I may be pardoned—alone?"

THE STORY SO FAR

Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood are spending the summer at the seashore where they meet Sylvia Bell, known in the town as Captain Sylvia. Sylvia has as her closest chum, her dog, Charles O'Malley. She lives with her father and a housekeeper in the village the year 'round. Her father is so wrapped up in research work that he has very little time to give to his daughter—so that except for her dog, she has had very little companionship. She becomes very fond of the Hapgoods and takes them sailing—they in turn help her when Cassandra, her maid, is obliged to go off for a day, for Ruth is a splendid little housekeeper. In one of her tramps with her dog, she stumbles upon a little house, which seems very mysterious to her and which she plans to keep to herself. Just within a few days she has the joy of sailing her father home and also of making the acquaintance of two rather mysterious men who have been hanging around the village and who are apparently anxious to find out if anything unusual has been going on. For some reason, Sylvia fears them though she cannot explain her reasons.

Sylvia knit her brows, scanning this man's face closely. She decided she was not afraid of him, but still she did not like him.

"You need not be afraid to talk before the Hapgoods," she said. "I'd ever so much rather they stayed, and they will not repeat anything, any more than I would."

"Cannot you understand, my dear young lady, that there is safety in numbers when it is a question of action, but there is danger in numbers when it is a question of—what shall I say?—mental action, perhaps, is as accurate a term as is prudent? I should prefer to talk

to you alone. But," Mr. Lindley looked hard into first Ruth's and then Lloyd's eyes, "if you insist! Young man, will you give me your word of honor to keep strictly to yourself, mentioning to no one—to no one, you understand—not only what I say, but that I have spoken with you? And will you, Miss Ruth Hapgood, give the same promise? Miss Bell, you are the person most concerned; it is you whom I desire to approach directly. You will regard it as your duty to keep this entirely to yourself? For a duty it is, my dear young friends."

"All right," said Lloyd. "I give my word I'll hold my tongue."

"So do I," echoed Ruth.

"I promise," said Sylvia. "But I do not think it's fair to get a promise out of us before we know what it's about, and especially when none of us wants to know."

Mr. Lindley laughed. "Your point is well taken, Miss Sylvia Bell, but I'm glad to be sure that your sense of honor will secure your silence, however much you inwardly protest," he said.

"Now, then," he began, settling himself to his task, nursing one knee and eyeing his audience closely, "no one in this place knows, or must know, who or what I am. I am a detective, and my friend, Edward Gersom, who has joined me here, is also an officer."

He paused to let this information produce its effect, watching the three faces to see what the effect was. All three pairs of eyes widened and took on a look of alarm. Ruth was considerably shocked. Lloyd was disturbed, yet rather pleased by this amazing statement. Sylvia straightened her boyish shoulders, her whole frame stiffened, she leaned forward slightly, alert, looking ready for instant action, her eyes narrowing, a terrified look dawning within them.

"There has been counterfeit money circulated of late in Boston and New York," Mr. Lindley went on. "It has been put out this good while, but in small sums, so carefully issued that the government could hardly determine whether it proved an established attempt of important extent, or whether it was what we might call a small, private enterprise. Lately the output has increased, the experts have decided that all the bills issued are manufactured in one place, by the same hands, and they have been pretty

certainly traced to somewhere along this coast. We have worked it up quietly and, by elimination, have narrowed our field down to this close vicinity. Whoever puts out these bills—fives and tens—has a neat little outfit of tools. He engraves them well; the whole thing is an excellent piece of counterfeiting. Now, this is why I come to you, to Miss Sylvia Bell. I have done my due amount of inquiring into life here, and on all sides I'm told that 'the Bell girl—Mr. Clement Bell's daughter,' is the one who, of all the inhabitants, goes about most in out-of-the-way places; that she is conversant with the countryside as no one else is. Therefore, Miss Bell, I am asking you to help the government, *your* government, if you can. Who is there in this place who is engaged upon secret work? Who is there that seems to hide his work, his manner of life from his neighbors, perhaps from his family? Who is there who is intelligent enough, skillful enough to carry out this counterfeiting to such a successful end? Think! Do you know of any such person? Any house where such a person might be hidden from observation? If you can help me, you must."

SYLVIA'S face suddenly looked almost old. Lloyd and Ruth looked at her aghast as Mr. Lindley, also watching her, paused for an answer.

Lines had sprung into her cheeks, drawing down her lips. She was ghastly pale under her coat of tan; her eyes were wild, like a trapped creature's, full of agony.

Yet she answered without hesitation. Her voice was low, she held it down and spoke monotonously, trying to speak steadily, but she did not hesitate. Later Ruth and Lloyd remembered this, and marvelled at her.

"There is a place where a man might hide and do his work," she said, leaning forward with an earnestness that made her tremble, while her slender hands twisted in and out of each other, their fingers rigid. "More than one man might be there. It is a small, old house. I think no one in the place knows about it, nor how to get to it, but me. I found it. The other day I took Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood

there. The door had been opened, the vines had been cut away; the wood was broken; it was still clean." Sylvia paused, moistened her lips, and went on.

I HAVEN'T seen the men there," she said, speaking as if there surely were men who went there, "but I have not looked for them. I did not know anyone was wicked around here; I did not know anyone was being hunted here. Of course, they would hide if they heard us. I did not look for them. But that is the only house I know about that I don't know about—I mean, everybody knows all about everybody else here, but that house is hidden away, a secret, tumble-down place. And here is the great thing: there is a cove, with a path down from the house to it, a sort of secret cove, too."

"What of that? Is it important?" asked Mr. Lindley. "My dear girl, don't excite yourself so much; there is absolutely no danger for you in what you are saying."

Sylvia almost groaned. She turned it into a cough, caught her breath and looked more sharply into Mr. Lindley's eyes. Never for an instant did her eyes wander from his face, not a glance did she give to Ruth or Lloyd as she told her story. "Of course, it is important," she said. "Don't you see! The counterfeiters have a small, flat-bottomed boat which they pull up and hide by day. At night they get away, out of their hidden cove, with the money, row down to Bay-tide—that's the largest town near here on the shore. One of them goes away with the money, the other brings the boat back. Then, when the other wants to come back here, his partner goes out to meet him, the same way he took him off. They couldn't do it if they hadn't a place like that, with a sort of harbor of its own."

Sylvia waited, shaking so that Ruth was frightened. She made a move toward her, but, without looking at her or moving her eyes from their anxious observations of Mr. Lindley, Sylvia checked Ruth by a motion of her hand.

She waited for a comment from her hearer, trembling, tense. Mr. Lindley seemed to go over what he had heard, then his face brightened, he laughed and slapped his leg em-

phatically. Sylvia swayed, her eyes closed, she gasped.

But instantly she righted herself and resumed her watchful gaze on Mr. Lindley.

It was easy to see that she felt for an instant immense relief that he had found her story acceptable.

"By Jove! Miss Sylvia Bell, I do believe you've solved it!" he cried. "We haven't found a single place that promised any result. We did not know about this house you describe. It sounds probable. At least we must investigate it. Will you take us to it?"

Sylvia nodded. "When?" she said by a visible effort.

"Are you ill, my dear child?" asked Mr. Lindley, with genuine solicitude. "You seem to be suffering."

Sylvia shook her head. "I'm all right," she managed to say. "It's been warm. I'm a little scared, that's all. We don't have wicked people here usually." She smiled, but it was a smile that was almost unsmiling.

"Nothing whatever to frighten you," Mr. Lindley once more assured her. "You don't strike me as the frightened sort. Captain Sylvia, they all call you here, you know. Now, Captain Sylvia, as to when—when to visit that house, I mean, of course: Would there still be time this afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not," said Sylvia.

"Tomorrow morning, then? Say we make it tomorrow morning. I could hardly get Gerson and put it through this afternoon. Tomorrow at half-past eight—or still earlier, would be better." Mr. Lindley was eager.

"Late in the afternoon, please," said Sylvia, decidedly. "I can't go until then."

MR. LINDLEY frowned. "Don't like delays," he said. "We've had enough of them while we were trying to get a clue. If these criminals escape, Miss Sylvia, through a delay on your part after we had a suspicion of their whereabouts, it would be bad business for us."

"Oh, but they couldn't get away in daylight," said Sylvia, eagerly. "It would be in the night; it would have to be. I couldn't possibly take you to that house till afternoon, and Lloyd and Ruth couldn't

(Continued on page 32)

THE TURKEY THAT PROTESTED

A Thanksgiving Story

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch

AND mother writes they have a twelve-pound turkey for us," Glen exclaimed, looking up from the letter which she had been reading. "Twinnies, we are sure going to have one real Thanksgiving. And I'm mightily glad you both are coming to visit us."

"Well, perhaps I'm not!" answered Gladys Hammon. "You girls make up for all the inconveniences of living so far from Natick College. One never gets home except for Christmas and Easter. Sometimes I almost envy you girls who live so near that you can drop in over the week-end."

"And especially at Thanksgiving," put in Margaret, the other Hammon Twin. "Last year we did have a gloomy time here. There were only a few of us girls that hadn't gone home, and we weren't more than twenty strong in the dining room at Pomeroy. Half of them were deep indigo with homesickness, at that."

"Yes, and don't you remember that we thought we were going to have turkey, and got only tough chicken?" Gladys went on with her reminiscences.

"What! Thanksgiving without a turkey?" exclaimed Glen Bridgen. "Why, that would be like Christmas without mistletoe and holly. I couldn't imagine it."

Margaret laughed. "Well, I could. We don't always have turkey at Thanksgiving when we are home, but at least we don't celebrate it like a funeral. Still, I like turkey, and you'd think that with all we are paying for board here at college, they could afford to give us turkey once a year."

"Well, they're not going to have it this year," spoke up Rachel Loveland. She had been poring over an English "Lit" book in the Twins' Morris chair. Since the Bunch were to be split up over the holiday and she was going home with Florence Knight, she had not taken much part in the discussion of doings in the Bridgen home. "I heard



"That's a lie!" came a husky voice.

Mrs. Knox tell the cook that turkeys would be about sixty cents a pound this year, and that she thought it grossly extravagant to spend all that money, so all the house matrons on the campus got together and decided to do without turkeys day after tomorrow."

"What are they saving money for now?" demanded Glen.

Lovely shrugged her shoulders. "New buildings, or endowment, or something."

There was the sound of running feet in the hall, and Florence Knight pounded on the door. As she slammed it open, Lovey looked up at her. "Glen was just asking what the college is saving money for; but if you are ever really anxious to come into somebody's room, I guess

there will be money needed to buy a new door afterward."

Flo tossed her head. "Humph, if you knew what I know, you would not be saying things like that to me."

"Well, tell us," they chorused.

"No, I don't think I shall. It doesn't make any difference to me if you don't get away from Natick for Thanksgiving, if that's the way you talk to me."

"Don't get away?" repeated Lovey. "What do you mean? Is your family sick?"

"Oh, I don't mean you alohe: I mean the whole college. Several of the girls are down with scarlet fever. They came from a number of dormitories, and the doctor says that if any one else gets sick, they'll have to quarantine the whole col-

lege. And I just heard that three freshmen girls from Pomeroy are not feeling well—sore throats, and everything. I'm going to call up my father and ask him to drive over here for me at once. Think of being quarantined over Thanksgiving!"

The unison of groans showed that all were thinking of it.

"But it isn't fair," Gladys protested.

"No, it isn't," cried Lovey. "They'll coop us all up here and let the grim scythe of pestilence pluck us one by one."

Margaret grinned. "Lovey must be getting it, too. Will some one kindly point out to her that scythes don't pluck. She's mixing her figures."

"Well, it's no time to joke," Flo sputtered. "It's a mean trick for those girls to get sick just before a holiday."

"Yes, let's take them out and duck them for thoughtlessness," Margaret suggested blithely. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Flo? As though they could help getting sick. But why worry about it? It may not be true."

That consolation was short lived, however. That evening the house matron announced at dinner that Natick College had been put under quarantine because of the epidemic of scarlet fever, and that not one of the girls was to be allowed to go even to the village, for a period of ten days, which she called the incubation period. She also commanded them to report to the infirmary if they had the slightest suspicion of a cold, and gave them other hints about the care of themselves. She further assured them that the college authorities would do all in their power to safeguard the students. The gasp which arose when she told them that each one, upon leaving the dining room that evening would have her throat examined by the college nurse, turned into a groan when she said that no one under any condition would be allowed to go home for Thanksgiving. A number of girls had their suit cases all packed, preparatory to leaving after classes the next day.

"The college will attempt to make as pleasant as possible your Thanksgiving here," Mrs. Knox promised them, as she sat down.

"I'll bet it will," whispered Lovey to Margaret. "Ancient chicken and tough pumpkin pie! And to think that only a couple of hours ago we were dreaming about turkeys."

"I'm still thinking about turkey," Margaret answered evenly.

"And what good does thinking do?"

"Who knows?" the Twin replied, but with a far-away look in her eyes. "Perhaps we can buy one for our table."

"I can't. That trip to Boston for the football game cleaned out my allowance."

"And mine, too," admitted Flo. "But perhaps I could persuade the folks to send over one. I can telephone, you know."

The girls would not hear of that. They had no objection to dining at her house, but as for receiving the dinner at college, that was unheard of.

"What difference does it make?" Gladys remarked. "Probably the chickens we get will be models of tenderness, anyway."

"Have you ever seen them that way at Stone House?" Lovey asked her, and the Hammon Twin had nothing to say.

BUT all the schemes which the Twins could think up failed to discover any sure means of providing their Bunch with a turkey. It was too near the end of the month to expect any of the girls to have money enough to purchase old clothes. None of the other sophomores at Stone had any more allowance left than did the members of the Bunch.

Lovey had the only suggestion of value. "You know Helen Jordan? Well, she got a box from home yesterday morning. It is too late for us to get anything like that from our families, but maybe we can persuade her to share it with us."

"No you can't," Flo broke in quickly. "I tried. I saw the maid take it up when I went to class, and I went to visit her when I got back. She had it poked under the bed, but do you think she would offer me any? I hinted all I could, but it didn't do any good. She wouldn't even give me a piece of candy, and I saw she had a big tin pail full of

those hard candies that you can keep in your mouth forever."

"Probably she is keeping it for Thanksgiving, so she can share it with all of us," Gladys said.

"I wish I had your blind faith in people," Glen told her. "You always think up nice things to say, even when you know they can't be true. Besides, she didn't know until tonight that we would be here for Thanksgiving."

"Helen and her box are not going to worry me," Margaret announced. "Something may turn up tomorrow, so there's no use giving up hope. Anyway, we'll have an extra holiday out of it, for we don't have classes tomorrow. Judging by the temperature, we may have frost tonight, so who's game to go nutting in the morning?"

"We can't—we're quarantined," Flo protested.

"But Mrs. Knox said only that we couldn't go to the village. I'm sure she wants us to keep well, and there's nothing in the world better than brisk walks in the country. I'm going down to see her right away and persuade her that it is really her duty to the world to let us go after nuts. If we meet anybody, we'll promise to cry out like lepers and run like turkeys. Now, why did I say 'turkeys'? There must be some omen in that."

"Nonsense!" scoffed her matter-of-fact sister. "You just know the poem about 'Here I stand all ragged and dirty,' and 'run like a turkey' followed naturally. Are you starting psycho-analysis?"

"I don't believe that is the explanation. I'm sure it is a portent. But I'm going to consult Mrs. Knox."

"And if anyone can fix things up with her, it is you Hammon Twins," called Lovey after her. "I never saw anyone like you for getting what you want."

When Margaret had shut the door after her, the rest of the Bunch did little but speculate on her success. Her errand took about twenty minutes. At the end of that time she was back smiling. "What did I tell you?" she began.

"What did she say?"

"Just what we wanted. She was somewhat doubtful at first, and called up the infirmary. Doctor John was there, and when she did not seem to be getting what I wanted, I talked to him myself and explained. He said it was a fine idea for us to get out, and that if we



promised not to go too near to folks, we could go nutting. He even told me about a place he had come through in his car, where there are millions of chestnuts."

"Millions?" asked Lovey.

"Well, thousands."

"Thousands?"

"A lot, anyway. He said we could probably get all we wanted. I don't suppose he stopped his car and counted the number of the trees. You mathematical minds want everything expressed in accurate formula or picture. He didn't draw me a map over the 'phone, either, but I'm sure I can find the place. Who wants to go with me?"

Every one of them voiced her intention of being in the party. Then the next question was the bag to carry the nuts.

"Since we are going to get a million chestnuts," Lovey began, with a side glance at Margaret, "perhaps each of us ought to take a clothes basket to carry them home."

Margaret never refused to laugh at a joke, even when it was on her. "Maybe a couple of bags will be enough," she conceded.

"Why not pillow cases?"

"But mine has a hole in it," Florence Knight lamented.

"Mine is brand new; we can take that," Lovey offered. "If I furnish the pillow case and carry it out there, somebody else ought to be willing to bring it back full of nuts."

"If we find any," amended Flo.

"Of course, we'll find some," promised Margaret. "And I'm going to take some money, so I can buy apples. If I do, I suppose I'll have to feed the whole of Stone House, but I like apples."

"We'll have to start early, too. Otherwise, somebody else will have all the nuts."

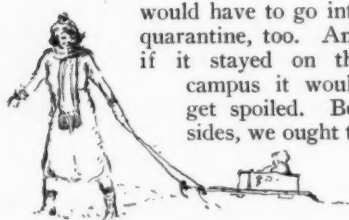
"All right, Glen, if you are willing to get up early the rest of us are. We can start at six. It will be just beginning to get light then, and it will take a couple of hours to walk there, Doctor John said."

"Can't we go in my car?" offered Glen.

"That would be a help. The girls looked at each other. But disappointment awaited them. It was Gladys who first thought of the difficulty. "You can't get your car, Glennie," she exclaimed. "It is in the garage in the village, and we are not allowed to go there."

"But I could have the man run it up to the gates, and get it here."

"No you can't, either. Then it



would have to go into quarantine, too. And if it stayed on the campus it would get spoiled. Besides, we ought to

walk. That was what the doctor said."

And walk they did. It was a brisk, autumn morning. The night had left the ground covered with hoar frost. Like smoke from an engine, the condensed vapor of their breath arose about them as they strode along, ready for anything. Their sketchy breakfast of milk and sandwiches was all they could forage from the kitchen, and so they were glad enough of the apples, which they found soon after turning away from the main road onto a country dirt road. The sun was just beginning to wake up and take notice.

Past numberless farm houses they walked, where the people were already about their daily work. Finally they came to a rise in the road and could look far off through the clear atmosphere. The sun had begun to brush away the frost particles and its heat, together with the crispness of the air, had started their blood tingling.

As they reached the bend in the road, Margaret stopped and pointed. "Do you see that clump of trees with what looks like a handful darker than the other green? I believe that's where our chestnuts are. And the man who owns them lives in that red building on this side."

"Then we'll have to keep away from there," said Glen. "We don't want to have him look out and see us going by, or he'll suspect."

"No, indeed; we're going to ask him whether we can pick them. We're not planning to steal his chestnuts. I guess he'll let us have some. And if he won't, we can buy them. Anybody have any money?"

A CANNVASS revealed the sum of four dollars and twenty-seven cents among them. But this was their sinking fund, not to be used except in emergencies.

"You go and talk to him, Margaret," Lovey told her. "You can argue and convince him."

"Argue? There won't be any argument. You'll see. I'll just

knock at the door and then step back, so I can obey the doctor and not get too close. Then, when he opens the door, I'll tell him that we are college girls and——"

"Better put in 'intelligent college girls,'" suggested Lovey.

"That we are intelligent college girls, then, and would like permission to gather a few nuts. And then he'll say 'Charmed,' or whatever a New England farmer says, and we'll go after the nuts. Or perhaps, being a Massachusetts gentleman, he will even offer to get them for us. Then I shall tell him that, having once been a Girl Scout, I am always prepared, and am wearing my bloomers ready to climb his trees if necessary."

But all their carefully prepared plans were wasted. Instead of the farmer, his wife opened the door in response to the knock. She readily gave permission to the girls. "My man is out there somewhere," she told them. "If you see him, tell him I told you to get chestnuts."

However, he was nowhere in sight. The girls found the trees easily. The frost had brought many of the nuts to the ground and the open burrs readily yielded their fruit. But it takes many chestnuts to make an appreciable quantity. The girls gathered for a long time, and only a couple of quarts reposed in their pillow slip, when suddenly a man ran out of the woods and was upon them before they knew it. He took possession of the bag.

"Stealing my chestnuts, be you?" he growled. "I suppose they learn you them things down at the college. Fine ladies you'll be! But because you're females, don't give you no rights to steal the chestnuts I sells to make me my living."

"You are very much mistaken," flamed Margaret Hammon, the first to recover her breath. "We stopped at the farm house just below here, and a lady gave us permission to get chestnuts here."

"That's where I live. There ain't nobody ter home there now but my old woman, and she didn't leave you pick 'em."

"At least, she didn't insult us. She spoke courteously to us and told us to go and gather them."

"Huh!—Did, did she? Well, I'll soon see. And if she didn't I'll just send this here cloth in to the college and show 'em the kinds of things their women is doin', robbin' honest farmers."

(Continued on page 18)

THE GIVING HALF OF THE WORD—

By Daphne Alloway McVicker

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch

ALICE ANN ROBERTS was distinctly bored. She flounced in to the house and dropped dejectedly down on the window seat to gaze out into the street with her eyes that saw only her miserable lot. When she heard the door slam downstairs, she rejoiced naughtily in the ugly bang that it made, for it just expressed her feelings.

"Tom feels the same way about it," she whispered to herself.

And with that she jumped down and ran to join her brother in the living room.

"Isn't it the most disgusting thing you ever heard of in your life?" she asked, confident of her brother's sympathy. "The same old thing as always: Aunts and cousins and grandparents; stuffing down a big dinner; sitting around smirking at the folks; yelling at the deaf aunts, and saying, 'Yes, I have grown,' to the uncles, and having them treat you like a kid——" You see, Alice Ann was nearly sixteen, and a sophomore in High, and this was a real insult.

"Jack Brown's getting up a gang to go over to Hildreth to the game," said Tom, morosely. "His folks are in Florida. They're going in a bunch of cars and coming back after moonlight. You know there's no use asking dad to let me; he'd be crazy."



"What can you mean?" she blazed. "Everybody has Thanksgiving?"

"Jean is going to the hotel for dinner. She hasn't any people, you know—just a guardian, and 'gobs' of money. Then she's going on to the matinee and to the concert in the evening. And oh, Tom! she asked me to go, and said it would all be her treat. Think of it! And I've got to pile into that ridiculous old sleigh and go galloping off to grandma's like an eight-year-old."

"Gee!" said Tom, "it's enough to make a fellow want to run away. I think I will. There's mother. Let's beat it."

Alice Ann did not go, however. She heard mother's voice die away as she went through to the kitchen, and she huddled down before the fire and was back in her misery.

Then something very strange happened. I do not know how to account for it. It might have been the influence of the movies, for Alice Ann had seen a film of "The Landing of the Pilgrims" only that week; or it might have been the dancing flames. Anyway, the room dissolved, just as it fades away you are just—about—asleep; just—about—asleep.

She was strolling down the road in front of

the house. Not the same old road, surely, for there were great trees on either side and the asphalt paving had somehow vanished, leaving a bare path. She looked about her, a little bewildered.

"Pray hurry, dear; run along with me to Dame Alden's cottage, lest darkness befall us untimely," a cheery voice called to her.

An arm was linked in hers, and she turned in astonishment to find a pretty, plump little girl in the



SOME DAY

By OLEDA SCHROTTKY



We've never seen the fairies,
Neither Tom nor me,
Just because we go to bed
Directly after tea.

But, early in the morning,
If you'll come with Tom and me,
We'll show you the cunningest lit-
tle nook
Under the hawthorn tree.

It's all so safely tucked away
In the long and slender grass;
It's really very hard to find,
'Cause the butterflies hide the path.

But if you walk just straight ahead,
You cannot help but see
The loveliest silver fairy ring
Under the hawthorn tree.

Sometimes a nice old spider
Is weaving a silver cloth.
Tom says it's for to hide the ring;
I b'lieve it keeps dewdrops off.

You see, it is so hard to dance
All in the long, wet grass,
So the spider kindly spreads his web
To let the dewdrops pass.

The fairies are such busy folk,
They never think to play
Until all their work is done,
At the close of day.

And mother just said yesterday
To brother Tom and me:
The fairies hardly ever had
Time to go to tea;

'Cause the very minute
The sun sinks in the west,
They tuck the little birds away
In their tiny nests.

Then they close the flowers' eyes,
And hush-a-bye the butterflies,
Tom thinks it must be hard,
And says he cannot see
How they ever find a way
To rock the bumblebee.

Then, of course, the shadows
Must be tucked away;
But they always leave a few
With which the moonbeams play.

But after all these things are done
They run to the hawthorn tree,

Playing their games in the fairy ring
Quite as jolly as we!

Some day, when we are older,
Brother Tom and me,
Mother will let us stay up
Ever so long after tea,

And we will go so quietly
(Never a soul shall see),
And we'll watch the fairies play
their games
Under the hawthorn tree.

(Continued from page 13)

quaintest of Pilgrim costumes, hur-
rying along beside her.

"I think you are a stranger in our
Colony, are you not?" the gay voice
continued. "You shall tell me
shortly whence you come and why
you wear this strange garb, when
we are safe under the good dame's
roof."

"Safe?" questioned Alice Ann.
(You know the way we will ask
about some little thing that puzzles
us and let the greater strange things
go.) "Why shouldn't we be safe?
There's almost no traffic along this
road."

"I know not what you mean by
traffic, poppet, and I know that the
Indians are friendly, but there are
outlying tribes who have not made
the covenant with us, and 'tis un-
wise to linger unto the darkness."

"Indians!" gasped Alice Ann,
and a strange shudder went over
her. "Where—where are we?"

"In Plymouth Colony, you small

zany," giggled the other with a real
Center High sophomore giggle. "In
this same colony where we are
shortly to celebrate the most splen-
did thing that the world has ever
known: Thanksgiving! Doesn't
the word just thrill you and promise
great things of itself?"

"We-ell," said Alice Ann, "of
course, everybody has Thanksgiv-
ing, and pretends it's something
great, but, after all, what is there to
be so thankful about? Just the
same things that everybody has."

The little Puritan maiden turned
to face her, and dropped her arm
like a coal.

"What can you mean?" she
blazed. "Everybody has Thanks-
giving? Nobody ever had a Thanks-
giving before! Should we have had
one last year, pray, when our men
and women died? All—my mother,
my gay, cheery little mother; my
big strong brother; my friends?
Should we have one when we went
without a bite to eat or fire to warm

ourselves, save at the peril of draw-
ing the hostile Indians on to slay
us?"

She had forgotten the danger of
stopping, in her hot wrath.

"The same old things!" she went
on. "Have others the right to wor-
ship God, our Father, in freedom,
as their own hearts dictate? Dare
others go to church and offer up
their thanks, save as the king has
spoken? Have others corn, blessed
corn, from a rich harvest, safely
stored against the winter, or turkey
shot from the trees to feast upon?
Have others the friendship of the
Indians, so that our log houses may
be safe and holy against their
flames? You are sacrilegious!"

"I—didn't know," said Alice
Ann, meekly. "I'm very sorry about
your mother. My mother—" and
here Alice Ann stopped.

She remembered her mother com-
ing into the house not an hour be-
fore, rosy and happy and brimming

(Continued on page 35)



THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT



Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs

Bee Hunting

This may seem the wrong season to talk about bees, but I have heard so much lately of the wonderful sport of hunting for wild honey, and it seems to be so well adapted both for scout fun and scout training, that I am going to take this opportunity to tell you about it.

In the woods all over the country the wild bees swarm, building their hives in the trunks of hollow trees and carrying on in just the same intelligent way that they do in the man-made hives of the beekeeper and, let me tell you, girls, that the honey they make is just as good as any on the market.

Let us pretend that our patrol is off in the fields or woods, or hiking along a country roadside in the hope of a bee hunt and carrying the necessary implements in our knapsacks. Someone sings out, "Here is a honeybee!" and we all cautiously approach a big stalk of goldenrod at which a busy little black bee is sipping. Then one of us takes a small box, particularly made for this purpose, from her knapsack (in this has already been placed some melted sugar—rock candy softened in water is an excellent bait), and holding the lid in one hand and the box in the other, she very quickly has the bee a captive. She leaves him in the dark for a minute or two while the rest of us stand with our watches, compasses and field glasses in our hands, ready for the next move. The scout who is acting as jailor has placed the box on a nearby stump or stone; she now removes the cover very quietly so that if Mr. Bee has not had his fill, he can still finish his meal.

If our bee has been caught in a spot so closed in on every side that his flight cannot be watched, we carry him during this first moment of captivity to the nearest open space before releasing him. He will

at first seem almost too heavy with the sweet to be able to fly, and will circle slowly round and round before heading

off for home. We must watch him carefully and not be disappointed if our unaccustomed eyes can follow him but a short way on his course. As he leaves us we take the time of his departure and mark his direction by our compasses, though at this stage of the game these points cannot be very accurately made.

Now we put our box, open on a stump, and wait. If luck is with us, Mr. Bee will soon return, bringing perhaps four or five companions with him to share the feast he has found. For their arrival, we have prepared ourselves with a little bottle of anisette and a fine camel's hair brush. As they settle down to a good feed we gently touch their wings with a drop of anisette, being careful not to let it come upon their bodies, as the alcohol in it is most likely to burn them. Anisette is what a bee loves more than any other food, and these little fellows will fly back to the hive bearing our advertisement on their wings. We have noted that thirteen minutes elapsed from the time our first prisoner was sent away to the return of this group, and allowing five and a half minutes to a mile and two minutes at the hive for unloading, we have estimated that the hive is about two miles away in a beeline.

But after this group has gone, the next interval between visits will be a busy one for us for, thanks to the anisette, we must prepare for many guests and be ready to take advantage of their coming. In addition to the anisette, which we will still use for advertising purposes, we have brought with us a small amount of oil paint (bright red is the best color) and another fine brush. A dab of this we apply to one of the bees, between the wings or over the stern, and by keeping strict watch on his goings and comings we can get our distance to a certainty. But though it is helpful at this stage to know the number of miles we may have to travel, the most essential matter at the moment is for us to get our direction accurately, and so we carefully note each departure and mark the line the bees follow, making a note of the course which

our compass indicates. As the bees are now flying in groups, this becomes easier, and with our field glasses we can easily watch them some distance away.

The thirteen-minute intervals between visits slip quickly by, and now the bees are returning in such large numbers that our first little box has been exchanged for a more commodious trap, the directions for making which I will give you in another paper. This time we apply the anisette or the red paint to as many of the bees as possible, and some of them we keep imprisoned in our trap. We now move forward on our line, taking the bees with us, and never mind the thickets or brambles, or the ups or the downs. If the bees have crossed this field or flown over the top of that tall pine in the wood beyond, we must follow the line as straight as we possibly can. When we have reached the furthest point of their flight, of which we are reasonably certain, we open our trap and release our prisoners, noting again both the direction of the flight and the time which our little red color guard takes to go and come. We then wait for enough of our little friends to reappear to fill our trap, and again move forward on our line. In these advances we will find we can make much better time and go ahead further without getting off our course, if some of us have scouted forward and can point out the easiest and best way.

In this manner and with the help of our bee guides, we slowly but surely approach the hive and our coveted treasure. Just how we locate our tree and extract the honey I shall have to leave to another number, but I will whet your appetites, Scouts, by telling you that from two hollow trees and two days' hunting a friend of mine has recently obtained eighty-seven pounds of the most delicious wild honey, and he doesn't consider this a particularly large haul, either.

(To be continued)



SCRIBES' CORNER



A quiet hour at the Cabin—Montpelier, Ind.

Bronx Girl Scouts Enjoy Farewell Dinner

Sixty covers were laid at the Girl Scout Clubhouse, when a farewell dinner was recently given by Sinai Troop 72, at Sinai Temple.

The dinner served as a reception to various girl scout officials, including Miss Agnes Buckley, Girl Scout director of Bronx Council, and Dr. William A. Murrill.

Mrs. B. Fensterheim and Miss Estelle Furgath, lieutenant of Troop 68, were hostesses. Forty-four girls in scout uniforms marched around the table set in Japanese fashion and halted at attention at each cover, singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The tables were decorated with plates made to represent a red rose, the flower crest of both troops. Ferns and red crepe paper helped carry out the color scheme.

After the dinner the girls took part in a masquerade contest and in fancy dress costumes paraded slowly down the clubhouse steps and marched in front of the guests on the lawn.

Kane, Pa.

LOG OF GIRL SCOUT CAMP FOR WEDNESDAY

Wednesday afternoon proved to be one of the busiest and most eventful of the week; but we had to have our rest hour just the same.

After rest hour, we prepared for a swim, but just as we were ready several visitors arrived. It was soon whispered about that they had

brought us some eats. After cordially welcoming the visitors we started off for a swim. Then we returned to the barracks and prepared for conference.

Then came the best of the pleasures of camp life—camp fire. The scouts were surprised to learn that a mock wedding was to be staged by the D. H. D. The wedding march was played and the bridal party entered in a slow and solemn (?) procession.

The bride, Miss Annabella Katchal-soo Sneezzer, was impersonated by Captain Emily Meyers. She was attired in a very pretty dress made up of Turkish bath towels, collected from the camp clothes-line. Her veil was of mosquito netting and the corsage bouquet of yellow and white daisies.

The groom, Mr. Josephus Nebuchadnezzar Henpeck, was impersonated by Dorothy Anderson. The young couple appeared to be very nervous, and the groom was kept busy quieting the fluttering nerves of his bride.

The part of the minister was well filled by Evelyn Thorsten.

After being happily united in matrimony, the couple followed by the bridal party, marched away.

The rest of the program, consisting of vocal solos, readings, dialogues, etc., was given after the wedding. The evening's entertainment was concluded by the singing of scout songs and taps.

DOROTHY ANDERSON.

A Trip to New York City

At nine o'clock in the morning, five girls out of seven of Patrol 3, Clover Troop No. 1, Norwalk, Conn., (it isn't the four-leaf clover by any manner of means, because every time we plan to go anywhere—plop! comes the rain out of a clear sky), comfortably ensconced in our Scout Commissioner's luxurious limousine, left our sheltering city in a torrent of downpouring rain to view Bronx Park. This was our reward for earning the most credits in a contest of the patrols. What cared we if it rained? We were hardy scouts, not "sugarbabies"!

We lost our way endless times, but what cared we? Happy, youthful and chuck full of effervescent spirits that would keep bubbling over. We examined the Zoo (the rain ceased just in time—we were lucky after all), finding a new zest in looking over the curiosities in the museums together. After having luncheon at the Rocking Stone Restaurant (and almost dying of curiosity to see where the stone rocked), we betook ourselves to an ice-cream place. We each had an "All-Day Sucker" which are in name only, and thence, through a maze of highways and byways, were driven to Scout Headquarters.

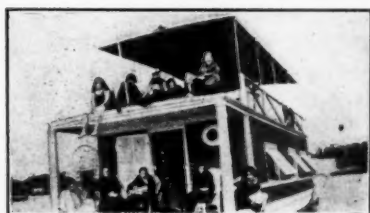
We liked the friendly, industrious women who had charge of the different departments, and felt sure that the great organization would not go far astray with such competent management at its head. We were each given *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

On the way home we laughed and sang like silly school girls, when in reality we were sober scouts. We must have broken a million speed laws, going over the deserted country roads. What was a miracle was the fact that we had not a non-skid tire to bless ourselves with and the payments were glistening wet.

All the little unimportant details of the trip which went to make up the perfectly splendid time we had, and those not set down here, will be locked forever in the treasure-chests of our memory.

F. A. L.

HOME NEWS



*Jolly fun on a Houseboat
Troop 21, Queens, L. I.*

Basking Ridge, N. J.

Scouting was introduced in this community by the Board of Education, but after its introduction it was left severely alone by the public. This is no reflection on the board, but it was found that starting from the top down, so to speak, was not practical. We organized a large council, spent a good deal of money for equipment which no one used, literature which no one read, and then started four troops with no one to lead them who knew anything about scouting. Naturally, the interest died out in about six months, and all that was left were two silk American flags. It seemed a shame to let them stand around idle, so we have had to start over again; but this time there is no inflated enthusiasm, but a quiet determination to put the Scout movement across.

This is not a very encouraging report, but it is a warning to any community, especially a small one, that thinks of starting scouting to begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb up, and not at the top and be so overorganized that you are pushed off and land at the bottom with a bang, for you have to stay down a long time and get over the shock before you can climb up again.

HELENE L. SUTRO.

Plainfield, Conn.

On October 10, 1921, a troop of Girl Scouts was organized here. It was called the Sunflower Troop, and it was composed of fourteen girls, divided into two patrols.

Scout meetings were held every Tuesday and Thursday night until February, when a Red Cross First Aid class was opened for the benefit of the troop, which gave the girls a chance to earn the Merit Badge. A Red Cross Home Hygi-

ene class was also opened, and those who pass it are awarded the right to wear the badges for Home Nurse, Health Winner and Child Nurse as soon as they have met the requirements of the handbook.

In short, it is a class to be proud of. All the girls have passed their Second Class. In fact, it is a Health Winner troop, for every member has won the badge of Health Winner. We consider this a real record. Eight girls have the First Aid badge, five the Home Nurse, four the Laundress, two the Homemaker, two the Economist, two the Scribe, one the Child Nurse, one the Interpreter, and one the Health Guardian. The troop has seven gold stars and one silver, and three gold and three silver stars in the making.

The troop is proud of the work accomplished, but hopes to better the record next year by adding community service, which, however, may have little demand here, for this is really a model town.

A. G., Troop Scribe.



*An eleven-year-old Patrol Leader
of Forney, Tex.*

Springfield, Mass.

"Girl Scout Headquarters" was the legend emblazoned on one of the most prominent signs at the Eastern States exposition, and immediately arrested the attention of every visitor to the fair grounds. It was situated at a very strategic point, just west of the Coliseum on the main roadway to the Massachusetts building, the home department and the Boy Scout headquarters. Girl Scout leaders apparently were keenly alive to the value of advertising and meant to make the most of their opportunity.

In its capacious headquarters building the organization has something well worth advertising. It is remarkably roomy and well appointed and contains all manner of woodcraft and campercraft equipment. Perhaps the most unique appurtenance of the camp, however, is the wood and canvas sunken swimming pool adjacent to the headquarters building. Daily aquatic exhibitions were given in the tank.

Under the supervision of Mrs. Cecelia Deubig, director of the Worcester boys' club and instructor at Camp Bonnie Brae, the first swimming stunts were performed, beginning at 3:30. The exhibit was in the nature of a water pageant, entitled "Showing Neptune's Daughter," an adaptation of Commodore W. E. Longfellow's water pageant, "Showing Neptune."

Construction of a pioneer shack was undertaken by eighty local Scouts, who worked on the building continuously during the remainder of the week. The shack was made entirely of raw material collected from nearby woods and the crudest implements, made by the girls themselves, were being employed in its construction.

There was also a daily indoor exhibit, consisting of demonstrations of basketry, block printing, stenciling, bee raising, merit-badge work and the making of Permodella jewelry.

Miss Edith Sinnett, Girl Scout, director; Miss Ida Smith, assistant director, and Captains Sadie Smith and Elsie Wills had charge of the exhibition.—*Springfield Republican*.



SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The Camp in Normandy

THERE is a beautiful old castle in Normandy, built in 1650, which belongs to the Countess de Montmort. This kind lady offered her castle as a camp for Girl Guides and their leaders so that the English girls could demonstrate exactly how their Guide work was carried on, and so that the different groups of girls, who have already had scout training should come together, and adopt a uniform set of laws and ideals, even if the different groups retained their own identity.

Mrs. Mark Kerr has been working for a year past in order to arrange this meeting and it must have been a great satisfaction to her to see how well she succeeded, and also to the Countess de Montmort to see how much happiness she gave to the sixty odd girls from three nations, who attended the Camp.

There were 35 Girl Guides, under Miss Maynard; 16 Belgian girls, under their leader; and 12 French girls and their leader, besides Count de Cherisey, sent by the Catholic Archbishop as observer. A lady from Czecho-Slovakia represented that country, and your Founder represented U. S. America.

It was a beautiful place, full of historic interest. Avenues of elms and chestnuts led to the castle, which was partly surrounded by half-ruined walls covered with roses. Long vistas of trees gave a charming view of the fairest parts of Normandy: the fields ripe with the harvests in the foreground, and Rouen with its exquisite cathedral spire in the distance. The castle could entertain fifty guests. The most interesting place was the dungeon and the oubliette, a dark hole 30 feet deep, which the girls took pride in descending by ropes amidst thrills of excitement.

The camp was situated below the castle. The tents were pitched in the green fields near the castle well. The patrol system was followed, and the training was carried on all day. The French, English and Belgians took turns in running the camp each successive day.

Every afternoon the older folks (who held meetings themselves in the castle) were entertained by the girls with some special stunt. The French gave a demonstration of exercises, including posture and calisthenics. The Belgians gave a charming play, "The Sleeping Beau-

ty," with the scenes laid in different parts of the grounds. There was almost as much action for the audience to follow the actors from the cottage (where the first scene was laid) to the castle, where the Beauty slept 100 years. The audience walked off this slumber around and around the castle until the Prince Charming appeared and woke the Beauty with a kiss.

The English Guides gave a typical day of a Guide meeting, from the opening ceremony, the inspection, the games, the dances, fire rescue, etc. Every night we all gathered around the camp fire and the French and Belgian girls sang part songs with rousing choruses. The last night your Founder gave them all a message of love from their American sisters, the Girl Scouts, and suddenly someone produced a small American flag and gave your Founder an American cheer, "A-M-E-R-I-C-A! Girl Scouts, U. S. A.," etc.

Juliette Low.

TURKEY THAT PROTESTED

(Continued from page 12)

Some of the girls were so indignant that they could scarcely control themselves. "Never fear," promised Margaret in an aside, "he'll pay for this."

"You're right," breathed her sister; but the whisper was a threat.

They followed him down the lane to the house. Then they waited along the fence while he went inside. A few minutes after he reappeared, a scowl on his face.

"Just like fool women," he growled. "She says she told you to go and get them."

While he was speaking, a pompous turkey gobbler came out of the fowl house and stalked his fat, majestic way across the farmyard. Gladys took two quick steps to reach Margaret's side. There were only a few words spoken, but both were smiling broadly in an instant.

"If you need money," Margaret began, "how much will you take for

that turkey?" There were a few grains of corn by the edge of the fence, and Gladys reached down and caught up a handful to toss a couple in front of the turkey. It stopped and came out.

The farmer turned and glanced at the bird. "D'yeh think I'm a fool, too? I would be, if I sold him now. By Christmas he'll bring me in nigh eight dollars. I'm fond of that bird, I am; and he's fond of me. He wants to sell for all he can."

"That's a lie!" came a husky voice. The turkey had cocked its head up quizzically and seemed to be staring at the farmer.

"Eh, what's that?" stammered the man.

"I say that's a lie. All of us turkeys want to be sold and used at Thanksgiving." With that, the turkey reached after another kernel of corn.

The farmer looked at the girls, but they appeared as puzzled as he

was. "Did—did you hear that?" he asked.

"What? The turkey saying he wanted to be eaten at Thanksgiving time?" asked Margaret serenely.

The turkey had once more raised its head. "Of course I do. And if that old skinkflint makes me live till Christmas, I'll make as much noise as I can all night, and just before Christmas I'll run away and he'll never find me." And, as if to carry out its threat, the turkey started away.

"You will, eh? I'll show you. I'll wring your neck for you. Why, for a penny I'd murder you!"

"Wait a minute," cried Margaret. "Why don't you sell him to us and save yourself all the trouble? Of course, the meat of a talking turkey is always tough, but we'll give you three dollars for him."

"Three dollars?" the farmer grumbled. "And him worth seven."

"Provided you get a chance to

(Continued on page 25)

A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT



Building Castles.

THERE are always so many things happening in Scouting that we must be alert to keep up. You'll probably say: "Well, goodness me, whatever could be going on now?" The answer is—it has happened, and it is the outdoor theatre at Camp Andree Clark, Briarcliff, N. Y.

Many of you do not know Westchester, the home of the camp, and it would take too long to describe all of its beauty, so just a snatch must suffice. To begin with, there are hills—such quantities of them—and where there are high places, there are hollows. These hollows are filled with long green grass and gay wild flowers that chase each other in the most riotous fashion to the very top of the hills. They seem then to leave off their playing and let the great old trees crown the glory of the young mountains.

Yes, it sounds fairy-like, but who ever heard of fairyland without a pool? No one; so, of course, there is a small lake with a clump of trees at one end. They are always looking into the water at their lovely long hair.

Hard by the lake is Camp Andree's outdoor theatre. A great rock forms the main stage, clouds provide an ever-changing dome, natural paths entrances, and Nature lends us colors that cannot be had out of a paint pot.

On August 31st, the "Spirit of Girlhood" christened the theatre.

This pageant happens in the most natural way. A troop of Scouts, one afternoon, while building a fire,

discuss the advantages of scouting.

The Spirit of Girlhood hears them and she comes from out the ages to tell of the girls who have met the big issues. She begins with Miriam, who lived over four thousand years ago, and calls forth girls from every century. Among them are Joan D'Arc, Queen Isabella, Priscilla, Queen Victoria, the Carey sisters and many others.

wish to follow?" and the little girl says, "I want to be a mother."

The Spirit tells her she has chosen the best, but the hardest, for Motherhood requires all the other professions. The Spirit then builds a lovely castle of dreams for the little mother, where she can go when the world grows dull and trying. She figuratively places on "Motherhood" the crown of glory, and



A Sylvan Playhouse.

Then she calls in the girls of the future—the teacher, doctor, nurse, preacher, artist, and all other professions, and asks the Scouts to choose which they wish to be. Everyone picks out her life work but one little Scout. The Spirit asks her: "What profession do you

leads the little mother-to-be away over the hills with the other professions and the Scouts following.

And so ended the pageant. You ask, "Was it a success?" Yes, without hesitation because everyone at camp said: "My! Wasn't it fine?"



Six Girls of Long Ago.

TED'S CHUM

By Elizabeth Heywood Wyman

Illustrated by William Schnelle



Barbara.

Scene: Living room of Barbara Latham's house.

Barbara, in Colonial costume, sitting at desk with a pile of envelopes in front of her. After a moment, looks up at clock on desk, then writes once more.

Marjorie, in street costume, and carrying a bag, looks in at doorway and, seeing Barbara, tiptoes in and puts her hands over her eyes.

Marjorie—Guess!

Barbara (jumping up and hugging her)—Oh, Marjorie, I'm so glad to see you!

Marjorie—Where on earth do you get all these people to write to? You don't mean to tell me you've begun on boys at your tender age!

Barbara—Don't be silly. They're tickets for our Scout entertainment. The only boy I care anything about is Ted. He's worth a dozen of the rest of them. Besides, I'm in love.

Marjorie—Now, who's being silly? A girl of fifteen in love! If you were sixteen like me, it would be quite different.

Barbara—It would, would it? Suppose your sister Betty heard you talking like that.

Marjorie—Well, you might let me be superior once in a while. I don't get a chance when I'm home. But tell me about this wonderful creature. Who is he and why the devotion?

Barbara—Oh, I was just fooling.

It's a joke that Ted and I have. Didn't you ever hear me tell about Ted's chum, Jack Morgan? That's

his picture up there with Ted. It was taken the year they both started at Prep school.

Years ago, when I was a mere child, Ted and I had it all arranged that when we grew up, Jack and I should marry each other, and we'd all of us take a trip around

the world. The funny part of it is, I've never even seen him!

Marjorie—That is funny. Hasn't he been here ever?

Barbara—Yes, just once; but that was the summer I spent with Aunt Ray. The other summers he went home (he lives in the West, you know), and last year he was abroad.

Marjorie—No wonder you are curious to see what he looks like. I am, myself.

Barbara (condescendingly)—We will call on you on our way around the world. (Stacks up the envelopes.) We'll have to hurry. It's 'most time for the girls to be here. I couldn't explain over the 'phone, but each patrol is getting up one stunt for the show, and ours is to be "The Girl of Yesterday and Today." First comes the minuet (for yesterday, you know), and after that a signalling drill in Scout uniform, to represent the girl of today.

Marjorie—That's great! Was it your idea?

Barbara (indulgently)—I thought it might take the fancy of our respected parents. Your dancing class exhibit really started me to thinking about it. The dance took all of the eight girls in our patrol, and when Constance was taken sick I was in despair till I thought, of course, you'd help us out. As you're a Scout, I knew the girls

wouldn't object. You know the signalling too, don't you?

Marjorie—Yes, I learned it the first summer our troop was in camp.

Barbara—Fine! Let me have your bag, and we'll go right up stairs, so you can change to your minuet costume.

Marjorie—All right.

[*Exeunt.*]

Telephone bell rings several times. Enter Ted. Goes to 'phone.

Ted—Hello! Why, hello, dad! Papers? Oh, in the safe—sure thing. I'll see he gets them. Yes, I'll tell him. Say, I never left that safe open but once. Isn't it about time to forget? Burglars around? Hm, sounds quite like a thriller. I'll take the 2:50 and be back before dark, so you needn't worry about Bob. She's expecting Marjorie, and I won't tell them anything about it. Good-bye. (Hangs up. Looks at watch. Starts off stage. Telephone rings again.) Hang it all, what now? (Takes down receiver.) Hello! Why, Jack, you old sinner, where are you, anyhow? Great! Sure thing; we can keep you as long as you can stay. Dad and mother are off for a little jaunt, but Bob's home, and she's pretty good—for a sister!

(Grins.) Hang it all, I forgot. I have to take some papers in to dad's office, and you'll get here before I'm back. Never mind, Bob'll take care of you, and I'll be home in no time. 'By. (Goes to door.) Sis! Oh, sis! (No answer. Comes back, hesitates



Susan.

a moment; then goes to desk and writes. Reads): "Dear B.—Jack's 'phoned that he's on his way out from New York, and I have to take some papers in to dad's office. Don't forget that trip around the world. Remember, everything depends upon first impressions. Ted." (Addresses it in big letter and props it up on top of desk. Looks at his watch again, and rushes out.)

Enter Susan with feather duster. Starts to dust, crosses to mirror hanging on wall, takes powder puff out of her apron pocket, dabs powder on nose, and pulls at hair. Opens her eyes wide and stares at herself.

Susan—Gee! Wouldn't it be grand to be in the pictures! (Starts to dust again, and suddenly breaks out): "Villain, you little thought when you were searching for the diamond, that I had it here in this very room. Never, never will you see it more! Tomorrow your power is gone!" (Dusts violently, and absently brushes Ted's note off the desk to the floor.) Hark! I hear footsteps. The Masked Man of Mystery. I must fly! (Starts to the door.)

Barbara (calling from outside)—Susan!

Susan (meekly)—Yes, Miss Barbara. (Hastily straightens magazines on table, picks up note, crumples it up and puts it in waste basket.)

Enter Barbara and Marjorie.

Barbara—Susan, some of the girls are coming this afternoon to practice for our play. Tell them to come in here, please; and won't you fix us some chocolate?

Susan (very precisely)—Yes, Miss Barbara. [Exit.]

Barbara—We thought we'd better practice with our new dresses, so we won't fall over our skirts. Quaint, aren't they? (Kicks her train vigorously out of her way.)

Marjorie—I should say so! But they are pretty. (Girls turn and twist before the mirror.)

Enter Ruth Shepherd, hastily.

Ruth—I'm so excited! What do you suppose I heard just now? Oh, hello, Marjorie!

Barbara and Marjorie—Tell us.

Ruth—Well, it seems that last evening a man called at the Jackson's and told them he was a friend of a cousin of theirs in Chicago. It was just about dinner time, so they asked him to stay. He went soon after dinner, and they found later in the evening that Mrs. Jackson's jewel case was empty.

Barbara—Did she lose much?

Ruth—Why, yes; she did. She was at the country club dance the night before, and hadn't put her jewels back in the bank.



The Man of Mystery.

Marjorie—How awful!

Ruth—Yes, they say he is the cleverest man. To look at him, you'd think he was a real gentleman; and they say he's perfectly fascinating. He has robbed dozens of places in the suburbs, and the police can never manage to catch him. You see, he appears at unexpected times, and always knows some one connected with the family. How he ever finds out all the family connections and history, nobody knows. It's a perfect mystery.

Susan (who has been looking in through a crack in the doorway—in a stage whisper)—The Man of Mystery!

Barbara (turning round)—What is it, Susan?

Susan (flustered)—Excuse me, Miss Barbara. Do you wish me to serve the chocolate now?

Barbara (impatiently)—No, not now; of course not! Not until after our rehearsal. The girls aren't even here yet. (Exit Susan. Turning to Marjorie)—Doesn't Susan act queerly? I don't know what has got into the girl. She knows perfectly well we don't want our chocolate now. She's so absent minded lately; we never know quite what she's going to do next.

Marjorie—She must be moonstruck.

Barbara—Movie struck, is more like it. She goes every night in the week to see the worst thrillers she

can find. How she ever sleeps, I don't know. (Turns to Ruth)—Did you say the others were on their way?

Ruth—Yes; they all stopped to wait for Claire Baker. You know what she is. I had an errand at the drug store, so I came on, and got here first after all. (Laughing and talking outside.) Here they come, now.

Scraps of conversation heard outside: "Really, mine isn't as bad as that. It's the most marvellous hat. You know, with a little dip on one side, and a splash of red." Girls come trooping in.

Dorothy—Hello, Bob! Did you think we were never coming?

Barbara—I should say as much. What made you so late?

Dorothy—Claire, as usual. She couldn't get her hair to suit her, and we all had to wait until she had it just so.

Claire—Aren't you mean! Honestly, Barbara, my hair didn't take me any time at all—it doesn't, now it's bobbed—but mother wanted me to do something for her, and before I knew it, it was three.

Barbara—Yes, I know, you always have a good excuse. You all know Marjorie, don't you? (Girls all greet Marjorie, except Grace.) Oh, no! Grace wasn't living here when Marjorie came last time. This is my very deary friend Marjorie Best, Grace, Grace Harvey,

Marjorie. (The two girls greet each other, while the oth-



Dorothy

THE AMERICAN GIRL

ers are laughing and talking.) Come on, now, girls. We must get on with our rehearsal, or it will be midnight before we are through.

Mabel—Oh, Barbara! Did you hear about the burglar?

Barbara—Yes, Ruth told me. But don't get started on that story or we will never dance at all. After we get through our practising, I'll give you some chocolate, and then we can have all the thrills.

They dance the minuet.

Barbara (at close of dance)—That wasn't so bad. That last part we might try again. (At end of repetition)—Well, I think that's pretty good. We'll want to go over it once more, but we'll do that at the hall, Friday afternoon. Let's stop now. Susan must have our chocolate ready. (Goes to door.) Susan, will you bring in the chocolate, please?

Ruth—I'm awfully sorry we can't stay, Barbara, but Uncle George invited Mabel and me to meet him in New York for dinner, and he's going to take us to the theater.

Grace—Aren't you girls lucky to have an uncle like that. You'd better tell him what a fine patrol you belong to, and maybe he'll ask us all next time.

Mabel—We will. Come on, Ruth. We'd better hurry. Good-bye, Barbara.

Barbara—Good-bye, Mabel. Good-bye, Ruth. Sorry you can't stay.

[Exit Mabel and Ruth.]

Claire (to Barbara)—I hate awfully to go, Bob, but mother made me promise that I'd come right home after we were through. She's expecting some friends for dinner, and wants me home early. Good-bye. Good-bye, girls.

[Exit Claire.]

Susan (entering on tiptoe, comes across stage same way, sets her tray down cautiously and calls in a stage whisper)—Miss Barbara!

Barbara—What is the matter with you, Susan?

Susan—Sh'. The Man of Mystery!

Barbara (laughing)—So you have heard the burglar story. Who told you?

Susan (still mysteriously)—John, the boy from the grocer's. He says he has stolen thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry, and is a very dangerous man to be at large. He says we should be very careful of our jewels. They should be well hidden, for none escape him when once he comes their way.

Barbara—Nonsense, Susan, you have been going to the movies too often.

Susan—Remember, Miss Barbara, I warned you of the Man of Mystery.

[Exit.]

Barbara serves the chocolate.

Grace—Well, you know, really, it's the most exciting thing. Father says he must be a regular "Raffles." He just hypnotizes you and walks off with your silver right under your nose.

Dorothy—It makes me awfully nervous. I don't dare to go to the door, for fear he may come. And your father and mother are away, too, aren't they?

Barbara—Yes, but Ted's home, so I'm not afraid.

Grace—Well, I didn't sleep a bit well, last night. In the middle of the night I woke up all of a sudden, and I was sure I heard someone creeping up the stairs.

Marjorie—Who was it?

Grace—I didn't dare look.

Barbara—But don't you know it wasn't anybody at all?

Grace—Well, it sounded like somebody, anyway, and it scared me just as much.

Helen—Do you know what I'm going to do to-night? There's an old silver-headed cane that used to belong to my grandfather, down in the hall rack, and I'm going to take that to bed with me.

Dorothy—Now, what do you think a child like you would do, if you saw a burglar?

Helen (ferociously)—I'd hit him with the cane, hard!

Dorothy—Girls, do you look under your bed?

Marjorie—Sometimes.

Grace—I did, last night.

Dorothy—Well, I do every night, and in my closet, too.

Helen—I'm going to, tonight; and I'm going to put a chair against my door, so I'll hear him when he comes.

Dorothy—Well, I'm going to stuff my ears with cotton and pull the sheet over my head, so I won't hear him.

Bell rings, and they all jump.

Marjorie—I wonder who that is!

All gaze toward the door. Susan enters.

Susan (in a stage whisper)—Oh, Miss Barbara!

Barbara—Who is it, Susan?

Susan—The Man of Mystery. He says he is a friend of your brother.

Chorus of girls—Oh! Oh, dear! etc.

Barbara—Where did you leave him?

Susan—In the hall, Miss Barbara.

Barbara—Well, call Ted quick. He'll know what to do.

Susan—But I didn't tell you, Miss Barbara, Mr. Ted's not home.

Barbara—Susan, are you sure?

Susan—Yes, Miss Barbara, I saw him going out a little before three.

Barbara—Well, tell him Ted isn't—oh, we can't tell him Ted isn't home. He might think there wasn't any man around the place. (Desperately)—You'll have to tell him something, Susan. (Suddenly)—Bring him in here, quick, Susan. If we leave him alone he'll have all the silver in his pockets.

Helen—Oh, no!

Grace—Please don't, Barbara.

Dorothy—I'll die, I know I will.

Marjorie—Barbara, you won't do it, will you?

Grace—Can't you get him out some way?

Barbara—How can I? He says he's a friend of Ted's and I can't tell him Ted isn't home. All we can do is to keep him here till Ted gets back, and then—I don't know—Ted will be able to manage him.

Susan—I have it, Miss Barbara: The police! I'll call the police on the upstairs' phone. Keep him busy talking, Miss. We'll get the villain yet.

Barbara—Good, Susan. Tell them to come quick.

Enter Jack Morgan.

Jack (looking around and smiling)—I didn't expect to see so many of Ted's sisters. (All sit motionless and scared. Jack goes up to Helen, and puts out his hand.)—I think you must be the one.

Helen (stammering)—Oh, no! I'm not.

Barbara (recovering her self-possession and standing up)—I'm Barbara Latham.

Jack—Somehow, I didn't think you would be quite so grown up. I'm Jack Morgan.

Barbara—Of course, yes. (Gives quick glance toward photograph on desk.) It's quite a surprise, isn't it?

Jack—Yes. You see, I was around in the neighborhood. Had dinner with some very good friends of my cousin's last night. (Girls exchange glances.) And I thought it would be a good chance to give you a little surprise. I hope I'm not intruding.

(Continued on page 26)

Our Party Page

The letter on this page was sent us by Anna Louise Mertz of Pittsburgh, Pa. We feel sure that other Scouts will like to give this party:

"For a long time I have been interested in the Party Page of THE AMERICAN GIRL. The parties printed thus far seem to be just full of fun, and I think perhaps I can make some suggestions that will help some one else.

"I used correspondence cards for my invitations. On them I drew a little girl, who held a balloon. I used a balloon merely to make the invitation more interesting and graceful. Of course, if you can't draw, you can cut a little girl from a magazine and trace her onto your cards. I painted them in different harmonious colors. You will find the invitation illustrated on this page.

"One of the most amusing games, we played as follows: Give each guest a square piece of white goods, a needle and black thread. Instruct them to sew any animal they wish on the goods. They must not be permitted to draw it first with a pencil. If you think it more fun, give each one a piece of paper and tell them to tear out an animal. The lights should be turned out, and they must tear out the animal in the dark.

"'Knowing Mother's Kitchen' is a very good guessing game for Scouts. All Girl Scouts who have the Cook's Merit Badge ought to be able to do very well on this game. The hostess takes about fifteen small empty bottles and fills them with cream of tartar, granulated sugar, powdered sugar, flour, coarse salt, fine salt, baking powder, baking soda, cornstarch, ginger, cinnamon, allspice, cloves, nutmeg and cocoa. The object of the game is to ascertain the ingredient of each bottle. The bottles must be numbered from 1 to 15. The guests put down on a score card the numbers of the bottles, and opposite them, what they think the bottles contain.

"After this we played a game that took us back to our childhood days. It is called 'Dressing the Lolly Pop.' We all sat around a large table on which were scissors, needles, thread, paste, match sticks, pencils, and different colored crepe paper. We were given a little round lolly pop and told to dress it. By breaking the top off the matches, the bottom can be used for arms and legs, if preferred. A clothespin can be used instead of the lolly pop, but I prefer the latter, because it is easier to make a face on the lolly pop."

"Grandmother's Sewing Basket" seems such an appropriate game to

play at this party that we are printing it here. This game was sent us by Mildred Horn of New York City.

The following words were written on a slip of paper. When the letters are arranged correctly they make the names of the various things to be found in a sewing basket. The answers are given here for your convenience:

- 1—edelsen—Needles
- 2—webesxa—Beeswax
- 3—nips—Pins
- 4—oscsirs—Scissors
- 5—ptauresame—Tape measure
- 6—ymeer—Emery
- 7—csea deleen—Needle case
- 8—rhdaet—Thread
- 9—rdaginn notoct—Darning cotton
- 10—tbunos—Buttons
- 11—solop—Spool
- 12—ebltmih—Thimble

Mrs. Howard Case of Harrison, Ohio, sent us another very amusing game, called "Walking the Wire." For this stunt the "walker" is given a pair of opera glasses and told to walk a tape line, on the floor, while looking through the wrong end of the glasses. This proved to be a lot of fun.

Refreshments of harvest time, such as doughnuts and sweet cider, are always welcome. There is no doubt but what everyone will have a splendid time.

Prizes for the various stunts may be given, if desired.

Golden Eaglets

Helen Baldwin, Troop 2, Duluth, Minn.; La Vere Schoenfelt, Troop 3, Tulsa, Okla.; Celinda Hadden, Troop 1, Duluth, Minn.; Leona Bagly, Troop 2, Duluth, Minn.

LIFE-SAVING AWARD.

Bronze Cross.

Mary Chase, Bristol Ferry, R. I.

Silver Cross.

Madie Green, Athenia, N. J.



*On August Twenty-four with
your school friends,
come to Anna Mertz's for a little
while,
at 306 on Hastings Street
at eight o'clock for a social fete.*

ALL GIRLS LIKE TO GIVE PARTIES AND CERTAINLY GIRL SCOUTS ARE NO EXCEPTION. THIS IS PROVED BY THE NUMBER OF REQUESTS WE RECEIVE AT HEADQUARTERS FOR ENTERTAINMENT MATERIAL. WE HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED TO GIVE EVERY MONTH IN THE AMERICAN GIRL A NUMBER OF PARTY SUGGESTIONS. IF THERE IS ANY PARTICULAR KIND OF PARTY YOU WISH HELP WITH, WRITE TO US. ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU HAVE AN ORIGINAL IDEA FOR AN ENTERTAINMENT, SEND IT IN. WE WILL PAY \$1.00 FOR ANY ACCOUNT OF A PARTY OR PLAN FOR A PARTY CONSIDERED WORTHY OF PUBLICATION.



GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

DID you ever hear of painting with sealing wax? We never did until we wandered into the Denison Company one day this fall and saw perfectly fascinating fans, candle sticks, boxes, baskets, and ever so many other things besides, all gaily decorated with what we thought was very shiny paint. But no indeed, we were informed it was all done with sealing wax! They very kindly gave us directions.

DIRECTIONS FOR PAINTING WITH SEALING WAX.

To dissolve sealing wax, melt before adding denatured alcohol. To melt the wax, break into small pieces and place in a small screw jar. Place the jar on an asbestos plate over an alcohol heater, or low gas flame, and allow it to melt slowly, leaving the jar uncovered.

Don't have heat enough to crack the jar.

Don't add alcohol while wax is on the heater.

Don't allow wax to boil.

Don't place cover on jar while wax is hot.

Remove jar of melted wax from heat and allow it to stand two or three minutes.

Have a smooth stick ready to stir wax, when alcohol is added.

Add alcohol slowly, a few drops at a time, stirring it well.

If mixture sputters, the wax is too hot.

After a few drops of alcohol have been added to the hot wax, it will not harden again when cool. The thick mixture can be thinned easily by adding sufficient alcohol to make it the consistency desired.

The proportion of one part alcohol to three parts of melted wax can always be thinned; one part alcohol to two parts melted wax makes a

medium thick paint, and if one part alcohol to one part melted wax is used, the paint will be reasonably thin. If the paint is too thin, the jar may be left uncovered, so that the alcohol will evaporate.

An ordinary small paint brush is best for covering a surface, with smaller brushes for decorations.

Sealing wax paint takes the place of shellac. Desirable combinations of colors may be easily obtained, or a finish of gold, silver or bronze. For those who cannot draw their own designs, stencils or embroidery designs are very good; carbon paper may be used for transferring.

For painting decorative designs on articles of any kind, use the paint thin or thick, according to the effect desired. If a high glossy effect is preferred, use paint as thick as it will flow from the brush; very thin paint will give a water color effect and flat finish. Sealing wax colors may be mixed in the same manner as other paints. Use as few strokes as possible in covering surfaces—long strokes with the larger brush give the best results. The first coat is seldom perfectly smooth; allow it to dry and add another coat. Don't try to work over a surface that is not perfectly dry, nor brush over the first coat in trying to make it smooth.

When only a small quantity of wax is used in painting designs in various colors, the wax need not be heated and melted before adding alcohol. The

different colors may be placed in very small jars, a few drops of alcohol added, and the covers screwed on tightly. After a few

minutes the paint may be used with small brushes.

Many little things may be bought at the five-and-ten-cent store and decorated attractively.

SEALING WAX BEADS.

Select the colors of wax for the bead, using for the foundation the color which is to predominate, if more than one color is to be used.

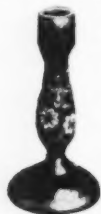
Break or cut with the heated blade of steel knife pieces of wax about the size desired for the finished bead. Heat the end of a steel knitting needle over an alcohol lamp and press into a piece of wax. When quite large beads are to be made, use two pieces of wax, one on either side of the needle. Allow to cool. Return to the flame and revolve slowly, being careful that it does not melt too quickly. The blade of a knife can often be used to good advantage to help shape the bead.

As the bead is taking on the correct shape, it is well to put it once or twice into a tumbler of water to cool. Wipe carefully with a piece of soft cloth before returning to the flame, for if any water remains on the bead, bubbles will form when it is returned to the flame.

When the bead is the correct shape, if colors are to be blended, heat the end of the sticks of wax one at a time and dot on the cool bead. Hold the bead over the flame and revolve slowly. The wax when heated will flow around the bead intermingling and forming attractive designs. Cool again, wipe thoroughly and pass quickly through the flame to restore the luster.

Hold the needle over the blaze at the back of the bead and again at the point, but do not let the flame

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TURKEY THAT PROTESTED

(Continued from page 18)

sell him before he carries out his threat of running away. I tell you, we'll split the difference and call it three-fifty, and then you don't run the risk of losing him entirely. It would be a good joke on the turkey."

THE farmer scratched his head and glowered at the recreant bird as it gobbled its insolent way across the yard. Margaret, watching his face, said: "Four dollars. It's our last offer."

"Take it!" he decided. "If that turkey stayed here much longer and made more remarks to me, I'd pull him apart."

The girls were not long in taking advantage of the anger of the man. They contributed the money and the farmer caught the bird and tied its feet. With the gobble hanging over Margaret's back and the chestnuts in Flo's possession, the Bunch hastened to start for Natick College before the farmer should change his mind.

It was all they could do to hold in their laughter until they were out of sight down the road. Then they gathered exultingly around Margaret. "That was dandy—your ventriloquism," cried Lovey. "I'll admit you surprised me, too, at first, until I remembered how you fooled us the first couple of days in the fall."

Margaret pointed an accusing finger at her sister. "I didn't have anything to do with it," she confessed. "It was Gladys. She thought out the plan, and it was she who made the turkey protest. I could never have kept my face straight long enough to do the double conversation. And now we are provided with the most essential part of a Thanksgiving dinner—the turkey."

"And the chestnut stuffing, too," added Glen.

"And as usual, we owe it to the Hammon Twins," said Lovey.

"If ever we need a press agent," laughed Gladys, "you can have the job."

"But we're not done yet," Margaret reminded them. "We must have some home-made cake and the other trimmings that I know the college won't furnish for dinner tomorrow, and I am broke."

"So am I," came in a chorus from the rest.

"But there's Helen Jordan," Margaret went on. "Now, I'd hate to be brazen enough to invite her to sit at our table, and say she might if she offered us some of the contents of her box from home, especially when you say she was so mean about it before. It would look too crude. But what can we do?"

"Yet there must be a way," mused Glen.

"We could go in and borrow some when she wasn't there, but that would be stealing, even if we did have the best intentions in the world of paying her back later."

"No, that would never do, Flo," Margaret spoke up quickly. "Diplomacy, my lady; diplomacy is the great secret."

"Maybe my folks will send me a box. They half promised last night, when I telephoned," said Flo hopefully.

"I know mine would if there were any way to let them know. But it's too late," moaned Glen.

"Well, those would be helpful reinforcements, but we must never count on unknown aid. Remember Napoleon at—well, wherever it was that he didn't get the soldiers he expected. We learned about it in history. And so Miss Helen Jordan is due to aid us in getting ready our Thanksgiving dinner for our table."

SHE gave no answer to the storm of "How?" which greeted her. To tell the truth, she didn't know herself. Her inventive faculty did not seem to be working properly. However, after she had carried the turkey what seemed to be a fair share of the way home, she turned it over to Glen, and then dropped back beside her sister. For the rest

It was almost twelve-thirty when the hikers reached the campus. Gladys and Margaret had said nothing to the others before. Just as they reached the porch of Stone House, however, they divulged part of their plan. "I believe we have a stunt," Gladys told the girls. "If you want to be in on it, find some way of getting into Helen's room after dinner this evening."

AND what are you going to do about the turkey?" asked Lovey.

"Turn it over to Mrs. Knox for safe keeping. I'm not sure that the freshmen girls would do anything, but I wouldn't put it past them. And if she has it and is responsible for it, we can be sure that we'll have a turkey on our table tomorrow."

"And I suppose we'll have to ask her to eat it with us," lamented Glen. "It seems a shame, when she wouldn't buy any for the rest."

"Yes, I guess we'll have to," the rest agreed, as they knocked at her door.

And so the astonished matron of Stone House was confronted by five dusty girls, one carrying a live turkey and another trying unsuccessfully to hide a pillow case of nuts. True to her policy of allowing herself to be surprised by nothing the girls did, she took their action as a matter of course and directed them to leave the turkey in the kitchen, where it would be taken care of. Then she accepted with a smile their invitation to be their guest for the Thanksgiving dinner.

That afternoon the Twins wrote letters. Since they were warned against it, and told that everything sent through the mails would have to be exposed to formaldehyde and baked, they seemed to feel a special urge to write letters. And, of course, they had to write home to tell the family of the sad news. But they could give the cheering information that the daily throat examination had revealed no fever in Stone House, so they hoped they would all escape. Then, with their duties done, they speculated upon the success of their scheme for the evening.

After dinner that evening it was surprising to see how popular Helen Jordan was. Both the Twins walked down the hall with her and dropped into her room. Since she had a single room and no roommate, it was rather crowded, especially when Glen and Lovey dropped in soon.

(Continued on page 30)



of the journey The Hammon Twins were in council of war.



Fairy Grotto Plays

BY EMILIE STAPP AND ELEANOR CAMERON.

As a Thanksgiving suggestion, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* recommends this book, which has been published by Houghton Mifflin Company. The price is \$1.25.

There are six plays included in the volume. "The Little Gray Lady" is excellent to give at a Thanksgiving meeting, and the Scouts should be urged to work it up themselves.

The story has to do with Elizabeth Ann, a spoiled child, who has always had her way and is never satisfied. Thanksgiving Eve finds her grumbling, so Bad Dream decides that she must be taught a lesson. Old Mr. Moon and the others plan to call in some people to tell Elizabeth Ann how much can be done in the world if one just forgets a bit about themselves. And so they make Elizabeth Ann ashamed of her selfishness, because, when we are thoughtless and ill-tempered we not only bring unhappiness on ourselves, but others as well.

A Hundred Things a Girl Can Make

BY BONNIE E. SNOW AND HUGO B. FROEHLICH.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company; price, \$2.50.

Every girl likes to make something with her fingers. This book will show her how to make articles of felt, cardboard, paper and wood, using diagrams and pictures to illustrate the process. The handiwork is new, and Girl Scout troops will find it very helpful in preparing for Christmas gifts or bazaars.

Judy of York Hill

BY ETHEL HUME.

This is another boarding school story—but so delightful and charming, with just enough adventure mixed in to make every Girl Scout anxious to read it. The book is published by Houghton Mifflin Company, and sells for \$1.75.

TED'S CHUM

(Continued from page 22)

Barbara—Oh, no! Not at all. (Aside to Dorothy)—Say something.

Dorothy—Do you—that is—do you like our town, Mr. Morgan?

Jack—It looks very attractive to me. A good many people of wealth around here, I should say. The house across the street particularly took my fancy.

Grace (bursts out)—Why, that's our—(claps her hand over her mouth.)

Jack—It looks like the kind of place that would be full of heirlooms—old silver, and all that, you know. I have a passion for things of that sort.

Dorothy—No, really, Mr. Morgan. We are very simple people, aren't we, Grace? (Grace nods assent.) We don't have much silver, and nobody wears jewels, do they, Grace? (Grace shakes her head vigorously.) It's just a country place, isn't it, Grace?

Grace (finally gulps out)—Yes; my mother says it's vulgar to have expensive things about. We never think of using solid silver every day. (Triumphantly)—We keep ours at the bank.

Jack—So your guests won't run off with it as souvenirs, I suppose. (Laughs at his joke. Girls laugh feebly and exchange frightened glances once more.) That reminds me, Miss Barbara, did your brother ever tell you about the craze we had for picking up souvenirs when we were in college? You'd have thought we had a pawnshop in our room. Regular collection we had—silver from every hotel in the city. That was when we were freshmen, and he probably didn't tell you. But you know I have reformed now, so you needn't be frightened.

Barbara—We wouldn't think of being frightened, would we, girls? (All shake their heads.) We know it's all a j—joke, don't we girls? (All nod their heads fiercely. Aside)—Say something, girls.

Marjorie (desperately)—Are—are you going to be here long, Mr. Morgan?

Jack—It depends on how long Miss Barbara will keep me. Ted said your father and mother were away, and I should have to rely on your tender mercies. I'm sure (galantly) I shall want to stay long enough to call upon your friend. (Girls in a frightened chorus: "Oh!") By the way, are you sure

that Ted's home? He told me he might not get back before I came, but that you would take care of me.

Barbara (confusedly)—Oh, yes; he's home. He's going out this evening. At least, he was before he knew you were coming. He's dressing. It takes him a long time to shave and dress. You see, he was going to shave and dress, and I suppose he thought he might as well, even if you were coming—I mean, he thought it wouldn't make any difference if he did. You wouldn't mind. That is, you would not mind if he wasn't quite ready when you got here. (To girls)—Say something, girls.

Marjorie—I don't think you look a bit like your picture, Mr. Morgan.

Barbara (aside)—Hush, Marjorie, he'll be suspicious.

Jack—My picture! You must be mistaken. I never have my picture taken—too ugly a map. Besides, it's dangerous to have too many around. Makes it too easy for the police. (Laughs again at joke, while girls look horrorstruck.) By the way, speaking of the police reminds me of an experience—

Enter Susan with two policemen.

Susan (pointing dramatically at Jack)—That's him. Man of Mystery, you may be clever, but your days of crime are ended.

Jack—Crime! What does this mean?

First Policeman—It means you are wanted for robbery. Better not make a fuss.

Jack (laughing)—Sorry, gentlemen, to disappoint you, but you have another guess coming. Miss Latham can tell you I am a friend of her brother.

Second Policeman—Have you ever seen this man before, Miss Latham?

Barbara—No-o, but—

First Policeman—Then he isn't a friend of your brother?

Barbara (hesitating)—Why, I don't know. You see, I have never seen Ted's friend, Mr. Morgan.

Jack—But didn't Ted tell you I was coming?

Barbara—Why no, he didn't.

Jack—Well, I can prove who I am. (Pulls out card case and fumbles about in it.) Hang it all, the last one is gone! I gave it to a chap in the city.

First Policeman—Come, come! We've fooled long enough. The cooler's the place for you. We've had the New York police on the wire, and they've given us your description. Your goose is pretty

near cooked. Come along, now.

Jack (suddenly turning to Barbara)—But Ted's upstairs. Why didn't we think of that before?

Barbara—But he's not. He's gone to the city. You see, I didn't know—I thought (confusedly)—well, we've been a little scared.

Jack—It certainly looks as if it was my unlucky day. (Turning to policemen)—Well, old sports, you are making the mistake of your lives, but I can't prove it now, so as you are so kind as to offer me your hospitality, I might as well accept. (Turning to Barbara)—I'm awfully sorry, Miss Barbara, to bother you so, but I really didn't mean to.

Barbara (impulsively)—I'm sure it's all a mistake. (To policemen)—Can't you wait till Ted comes?

First Policeman—No, Miss. It looks like he's trying to put something over on you, and your pa would never forgive us if we let a slick one like him get through our fingers. (To Jack)—You'll have to come. You can tell your story to the judge. Maybe he'll believe it. (Starts to put handcuffs on.)

Enter Ted.

Ted—Hello! What's this?

Barbara (running to meet him)—Oh, Ted!

Ted—What in thunder are you all up to? (Gripping Jack's hand)—You seem to be the villain of this movie stunt, old chap. Perhaps you can explain the plot.

Jack—I do seem to be the star performer, but I would really be much obliged if someone would enlighten me as to what it is all about.

First Policeman—Is this a friend of yours, Mr. Latham?

Ted—Sure thing! He's the best one I have on this earth.

First Policeman—Well, I guess the joke's on us. You see, your girl 'phoned to headquarters that a party was acting suspiciously, and we'd had information about this here mysterious Raffles that's going around, and we thought we'd caught the bird.

Ted—Oh, I see. Sorry, gentlemen. Better luck next time. Do you smoke? (Takes cigars from pocket, and offers them.)

First Policeman—Thank you, sir.

Second Policeman—Hope we can serve you again, sir.

Ted (grinning)—I hope it won't be necessary. I'll try to be home the next time any of my friends come to see me. (Turning to girls)—You girls certainly have been having some party. (To Jack)—Didn't

I tell you Bob would treat you royally? I'm glad you made such a good impression. First ones are generally lasting. To be taken for a burglar at sight! Oh, boy! I won't do a thing to you at our next class banquet.

Barbara—Oh, please, Ted, don't tease. Its' awful. (To Jack)—Will you ever forgive me for being so stupid, Mr. Morgan?

Jack—I surely will. But you haven't told me yet what it's all about.

Barbara—Well, you see, this man has been going about—

Susan—The Man of Mystery.

Barbara—And he always knows some one in the family, and somehow manages to take the silver away with him. And when you came, and said you knew Ted, and I had never seen you, and didn't know you were coming—

Ted (severely)—Didn't you get my note?

Barbara—What note?

Ted—I put it on the desk.

Susan (dramatically)—I have it! I picked a paper up off the floor when I was dustin', and put it in the waste basket. It must have been the note.

Ted (crossing to waste basket and taking out paper)—Here it is! (Gives it to Barbara.) You can read it at your leisure, Bob. It's important. Remember that trip.

Barbara—Ted, be still. Some jokes are best forgotten.

Dorothy (suddenly looking at her watch)—Girls, what time do you think it is? After six!

Susan gives a gasp and rushes off in direction of kitchen.

Grace—Well, I've been so perfectly thrilled, it might be midnight, for all I know, and it must be dark.

Dorothy—And the real burglar isn't caught.

Helen—I'm afraid to go.

Grace—So'm I. There are such a lot of trees on our street.

Ted—You're a great bunch of Scouts. (Strikes an attitude.) But never fear, I'll protect you. Run along, and put on your things, and we'll brave Mr. Raffles together. (Three girls leave. To Marjorie)—You come along, too, Marjorie. I have a feeling I shall be nervous coming back alone. I need your protection.

Marjorie—All right, Ted; just a minute.

[*Exit Marjorie.*]

Ted (to Barbara)—Do you think, if I leave you two alone, I can trust

you not to fill the house with policemen before I get back?

Barbara—Oh, go along, Ted! (Pushes him toward the door.)

[*Exit Ted.*]

Jack (as she comes back)—Do you really believe in first impressions, Miss Barbara?

Barbara—Yes-s, I think I do.

Jack—Well, my impression is that we are going to be bully good friends.

Barbara—Do you know why I thought you must be a burglar?

Jack—No; tell me why?

Barbara—Because they all said he was perfectly fascinating!

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(Continued from page 24)

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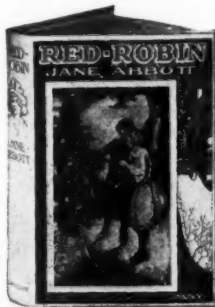
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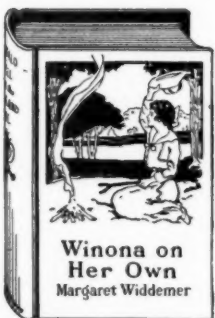
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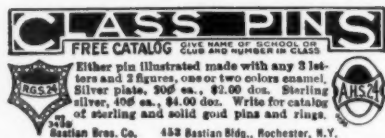
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(Continued from page 25)

And a few minutes afterward Flo appeared, looking for a philosophy book, which one of the girls had borrowed, and reported having left it on the desk in some room.

She expressed the wonder whether it had been stolen, and that brought the conversation around to burglars. Gladys was full of accounts of the latest thievery in the village, a crime that none of them had heard about. She was in the midst of a thrilling description when a knock at the door lifted most of them out of their chairs. It proved to be nothing more harmful than a sophomore

who had seen Flo go into the room and was calling her to the 'phone.

When Flo had left to answer her telephone call, Gladys went on with all the harrowing details of the loss of somebody's cut glass bowl and best silver.

Suddenly Margaret interrupted her. "S-h-h-h!" she hissed. Instant silence. Nothing could be heard but the wind outside. "I was sure I heard something," Margaret apologized.

Then the rest heard the noise, too. It was the sound of whispering and it appeared to be in that very room. Now whispering has no gender. One cannot tell from its sound whether a man or woman is making the noise. But the grunt which suddenly followed and punctuated it was decidedly masculine. Masculine, too, was the "Shut up, Bill!" which came after it.

The sounds could be centralized now. They came from under Helen's bed. The spread had been pulled down to the floor, so they could not see anything; but, in the agonizing silence which followed, they hear the voice say, "It's grub, Jack; it's a whole box of grub."

"Well, what of it? It belongs to the girls. What would you do with it?"

"What do you do with any food? Eat it, of course, you fool."

"Not that kind. It ain't for men like we. Pickles and fiddle-fiddle, that's what it'll be. Likely she's saving it to give to the other girls. I hear that's what they do with food at colleges—feed the rest. Come on, this place ain't for the likes of we."

Gladys rose leisurely as though she had not heard any noise at all. "I'll have to be moving on, Helen. I won't do a little work before I go to bed."

Margaret was following her sister's example when Helen Jordan spoke. "No, don't go. You see I—that is—why don't you wait around? After awhile I was planning to give you some of the box I got from home. No, don't go and leave me here all alone."

"Well, thank you," began Margaret. "I'm really not hungry now; but you are kind to offer it, and possibly—"

Before she had time to make the offer for which she had been preparing, Flo came in with a beaming smile. "What did I tell you? It was from home. Mother wanted to hear how I was and to tell me that she sent a big box by express. It

will be just the reinforcements we wanted. Who'll go with me to find Mrs. Knox and arrange to be sure the box is delivered the first thing in the morning?"

All the Bunch offered at once to go. Helen made one more despairing plea: "Don't leave me all alone with these burglars," she whispered.

The girls looked at each other in amazement. "Burglars?" cried Lovey aloud. "Where are there any burglars?"

"Hush! Not so loud! Under my bed. Didn't you hear them?"

The Bunch looked solemnly at one another and solemnly shook their heads. Gladys, to give further proof, lifted the counterpane and peered under. When she arose, Helen dropped to her knees and looked under the bed, while the girls exchanged understanding glances.

As she got up, she had a tin pail of hard candies in her hand. "Won't you have some of these, anyway?" she offered.

With candy in their mouths and with their hands full of more candy which the penitent Helen Jordan had practically forced upon them, the Bunch went into the hall toward Lovey's room. "Well, she came across," grinned Glen. "I wonder how she'll explain the noises. Will she think it was her conscience?"

Margaret laughed. "I'm sure I don't know, but I knew she would offer before we got through with her."

"And are you going to ask her to eat at our table?" Gladys inquired.

The discussion waged for a moment, but the Bunch agreed that since she was not one of their intimate friends, it would be better not to have her, especially now that they were sure of Flo's box.

"We'll have enough at our table, anyway," pointed out the Hammon Twin.

"Sure," agreed her sister. "There will be the five of us to eat the dinner."

"And Mrs. Knox, too," added Glen. "But that will be all."

"No, it won't," spoke up Lovey. "You've forgotten one person."

"Who?"

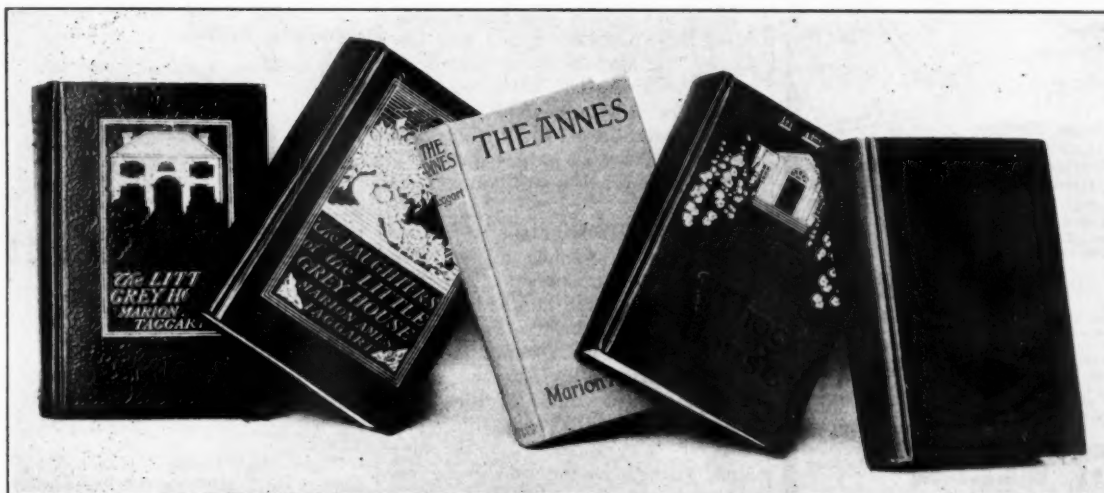
"There'll be one other at our table, and that'll be the most welcome one there: I mean the turkey that protested."

"You're right," they howled gleefully, and Mrs. Knox, two flights below, knit her brow and wondered what further mischief the Hammon Twins were plotting.

THE END.

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CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 9)

show you the way. The men can't escape in daylight. Sorry; but there's something else I can't possibly—possibly put off doing in the morning."

"Very well, the afternoon be it," Mr. Lindley reluctantly assented, and again Sylvia seemed to betray relief.

"I won't detain you any longer, Miss Bell—Captain Sylvia and her Crew! I am deeply indebted to you. I have great hopes of your having helped me beyond my highest expectations. Shall we meet here tomorrow at, say, 4 o'clock?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, "you're welcome."

Ruth looked frightened; Sylvia did not seem to her to be fully aware of what she said, but Mr. Lindley and Lloyd laughed.

"I'll have to inform the village that Captain Sylvia, who fears no gale, is dreadfully alarmed by a glimpse of the Hand of the Law. But I won't tell them till we've bagged our game," Mr. Lindley said, rising, bowing and going off down the beach.

Sylvia sat quite still, watching him depart. She had clasped her hands tensely; her face and all her body twitched with nervous contractions of the muscles. When he had entirely disappeared, around the final turn which shut him from sight, Sylvia threw herself on her face, digging her fingers down into the sand, and cried with such heart-broken abandon that Ruth and Lloyd looked on aghast, feeling helpless against such a tempest of grief.

O'Malley did more than they could, more than any human being could. He came over to his mistress, insinuated his long nose beneath her face in the sand, nibbled her hands, poked her lovingly, whining the while to beg her to consider the pain she inflicted upon him by crying in this way, and at last lay down with his head on her head, sobbing himself because he could not comfort her.

Sylvia's arm stole around O'Malley's neck, her sobs abated, she moved closer to him with a pitiful little moan and then lay quiet.

Lloyd and Ruth looked at each other, miserable, quite in the dark as to the cause of Sylvia's unhappiness, or what was their proper course to pursue.

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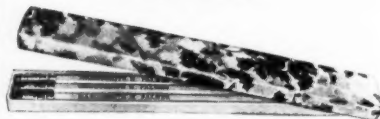
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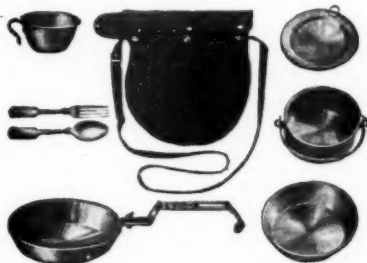
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We have the newest and most attractive as well as the largest assortment of plays in the world, as well as the most popular plays for girls only.

Send a two-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

We have just published the Girl Scout play,

"The Taming of Horrors"

which originally appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The price is 30c. per copy.

"Converting of Mrs. Noshuns" was first published in THE AMERICAN GIRL. 30c. per copy.

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For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minatrol Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills.

How to Stage a Play, Make-up, Catalogue FREE.

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Girls, if you want finely woven, pretty color designs, flat Bead neckchains 9 beads wide, about 3 inches long, for \$2.00 postpaid. All colors from 3/0 seedbeads, write me. Mesh Style beaded Handbags, also, silk lined, beaded over velveteen, silk draw cord, all colors and designs, at the give away prices of \$3.00 to \$3.50 and \$4.00 each, postpaid. All kinds of Ladies' and Misses' moc-casins beaded. Write for description and prices.

You will be pleased with my goods. I sell also many beaded pieces made by the Sioux Indians. 38th year in the business.

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Sea shells and free catalog of 1001 CURIOUS THINGS. Address

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Takes Picture 2 1/2 x 3 1/4. Genuine Kodak Film Pack, Eastman Camera. Blank-eye! no. Makes large, clear pictures. Snap shots or time. Easy to operate. Free for sale in 25 pieces. Ringo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Bellon sight. Send no money. Extra present if you order now. Big Premium Book Free. Ringo Co. Dept. 136, Binghamton, N.Y.

EVERY GIRL SCOUT should have one of our Ottawa Indian made sewing sets. 3 pieces: Pin Cushion, Scissors Case and Thimble Basket. Price \$1.00 Prepaid.

Genuine Indian Made Baskets and Beadwork of every description.

NORTHERN NOVELTY CO.
Harbor Springs, Michigan

SELL XMAS TAG AND SEAL PACKAGES

Send Each package contains a complete assortment of Keep Christmas Tags, Seals, and Miniature Cards. Half SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU. 25 Tea Half Cent Packages sent Prepaid. When Sold Send \$1.25. Keep \$1.25-ORLEANS PARCEL POST CO., W. 227, ORLEANS, VERMONT

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

U. S. Flags for Hut or Rallies

Your Chance to Get One FREE



SEND FOR YOUR PENCILS TODAY!

We will send you free of all cost one gross of our highest grade Hexagon, Gilt Tip, Rubber Eraser Lead Pencils, to be sold at five cents each. Each pencil inscribed "Sold for the Troop Flag." After sale remit to us the proceeds and we will send you at once, all delivery charges paid, a Five or Six Foot United States Flag. Flags are made of regular flag cloth, fast colors, stripes securely sewed, complete with heavy canvas heading, metal grommets and suitable for outdoor or indoor use. Larger flags for selling two gross. Any Troop can earn a flag in less than an hour.

We also have a dandy way to increase your Troop fund.

Write for Our Plans

CHIBBY PENCIL COMPANY - RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

Ruth moved uncertainly toward Sylvia, but before she could carry out her intention to take her in her arms and beg her to tell them what was wrong, Sylvia sprang to her feet.

"Queer how—how nervous this makes me," she said tremulously, with a twist of her lips that was meant for a smile. "I'm not a cry-baby, honestly; I don't often cry. It made me nervous. Don't mind. I've got to go home; I've got to go home, quick. I don't believe I can take you sailing tomorrow, Ruth, Lloyd, after all. You see—you see this house business will be on my mind. I've got things—things to do. Will you let me off? I'll take you the first day I can. If—nothing happens—happens—I'll go soon. Please don't be offended. Let me off now—and—and—good-bye, Ruth, Lloyd, I must go—home."

Sylvia darted off up the steep path like a deer, but Ruth and Lloyd, watching her, saw her stagger and catch at a branch for support a little way up.

It was not like Sylvia to stammer and repeat her words. She looked half crazed with—what? Was it pain or fear, or both? And how gallantly she tried to play her part. How bravely she tried to hide her misery and to bear it alone.

What could be wrong? Ruth and Lloyd felt that without unkindness nor lack of friendliness, they were pushed away, and that Sylvia closed upon herself a door behind which she hid the cause of her pain, and herself with it.

"What in the world——" Lloyd said slowly, more and more puzzled.

But Ruth looked at him, her eyes hardly less frightened than Sylvia's had been.

"Lloyd, I know! I see! Oh! why didn't we both see it at once?" she cried. "Don't you know this all fits her father—the description of what the counterfeiters must be like—and it fits no one else. We said that the other day, but we didn't think anything about it when we said it. Poor, poor, darling Sylvia! She looks so frightened! She told the detective about the old house because she is so afraid it is not in that house they hide. Oh, I see! I see now! Poor Sylvia! Lloyd, can it be he, her father? Oh, Lloyd, can it be?"

"Good gracious, how do I know?" growled Lloyd, kicking

Attention!

SOMETHING NEW

In order to introduce my hand painted in Oil, Kodak enlargements, I will make any Girl Scout the first Oil painted enlargement, size 10"x12", for \$1.50. Send me your favorite Film, and be sure to state colors wanted. This is something entirely different from the ordinary water colors, and must be seen to be fully appreciated.

CASSENS ART STUDIO
BOX 183 LITCHFIELD, ILLINOIS

ATTENTION!

A 1923 CALENDAR as a special "Christmas Offering"; a Calendar is just what you want to give for a Holiday Gift. We make them and make them from one of your favorite Film Negatives, all hand tinted. Send in one of your films with 50c., for a sample. Why not? Your money back if not satisfied.

AZ-U-LYK-M, Bristol, Vt., Drawer P

Kodak Prints 3 Cents

Post Cards 5c. Developing 5c a roll
"WE DO IT BETTER"

Dept. S
ALTINE PHOTO CO.
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KODAKERS

Sample Enlargement, dime, and negative (returned). Sample roll developed and six glacé prints, 25c silver.
THE BROWN STUDIO LAKE ELMO, MINN.

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TRIAL OFFER

Film developed and six prints 25c, or six prints from negatives 15c. Quick service.

PASCO PHOTO LABORATORIES
Desk A, Austin, Minnesota

5x7 Kodak Enlargement

from your favorite negative hand colored 50c. Photos on Pillow Tops, and Book Marks, make beautiful gifts. Photo and prices on request.

HOLT STUDIOS, QUINCY, FLA.

Boys and Girls Earn Christmas Money
Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 45 assorted Xmas seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10c each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. We trust you.
CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. D, Beverly, Mass.

the shell of a "horseshoe" viciously. "If it is, then we've got to stand by her, that's all. Jiminy Christmas! and such a girl!"

"Stand by!" cried Ruth, indignantly. "What else could we do? But it won't be standing by; it will be standing right inside with her—if she'll let us. I'll make her come home with me, if—Lloyd, would he go to—to prison?"

"State's prison—counterfeiting," Lloyd said furiously. "Ruth, won't you please shut up? Sylvia Bell—Tinker Bell's father! Gee! Come on home. Oh, confound it! We can't even talk to Aunt Helen about it. Come on home. Don't you dare hint a word of it to me again tonight. I've heard all I want to now. Captain Sylvia! Say, it isn't so! He isn't the man. Stands to reason he isn't. How'd a counterfeiter have such a girl as that for his daughter? It's all right, Ruth; you'll see."

And Lloyd marched off in a towering wrath with the world in general, born of his unendurable pity. Ruth meekly followed him, much more comforted by Lloyd's professed faith than he was himself.

(To be continued.)

GIVING HALF OF THE WORD

(Continued from page 14)

with plans for the holiday. She couldn't speak. The thoughts that moved before her took on picturesque form—again it may have been the movies that did it—and she saw her mother lying still and cold, dead of starvation. She saw Tom, her big, gruff brother, dead, too. She saw the little bungalow, cosy and lighted, suddenly burst into flames, and heard hideous screeching outside.

Her mother dead! Why, Alice Ann had never lost a loved one. Grandmother's dear, joyful face beamed out of the picture, lighted with the ever recurring joy of welcoming her loved children home on the holiday. She couldn't bear the thought of losing that smile of grandmother's. Perhaps next year—

Church—she loved her church; loved to gather with the girls on Sunday, and at the weekly meeting, and gossip and make little plans for helping others. But she had never thought of the possibility of anyone forbidding her to do these simple things. And God—Alice Ann felt a sudden burst of thankfulness and

(Continued on page 37)

SELL CANDY FOR US

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y. and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments same day order is received.

\$24.00 Easily Earned

Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 5c bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, HERSHEY, WANETA, etc. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$48. Keep \$24 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 20, 40 or 60 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular.

FRED D. LESURE COMPANY

Wholesale Confectioner

FITCHBURG, 16 BROAD ST., MASS.

BASKETRY MATERIALS. Reeds, raffa, wooden bases, chair cane, Indian ash, splints, cane, webbing, wooden beads, braided straw, rush, willow, pine needles, books, tools, dyes. Catalogue and Directions, 15 cents. LOUIS STOUGHTON DRAKE, Inc., 26 Everett St., Allston, Station 34, Boston, Mass.

GENUINE INDIAN MADE BASKETS AND WAMPUM

85 Styles

Priced wholesale. Catalogue free.

FRANK MARION GILHAM
Kelseyville, California

10 Buys \$100 **Engel** **"Art Corners"**

Millions of Billions in use today

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

No Paste Needed

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepi, rose and red gilded paper

Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and press

QUICK EASY ARTISTIC No mess, no fuss. All joints supply, drug and stat. y stores. The picture full size and complete from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. TR-41118, Clark St., Chicago

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Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears
and We Will Improve Them

THE GUIDE TO NATURE

Subscription \$1.50 per year
Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
ArcAdiA

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

SONGS Clean, catchy, popular songs for the home. Big variety of ballads, comics, novelties,coon songs. Beautiful lithographed full sheet music. Latest Hits: "Mammy's Twilight Lullaby," "Old Fashioned Rose," "Swanee River Blues," "A Variation of Sweethearts," 50c each; many others. Also complete line of plays, recitations, drills, etc. Big entertainment catalogue free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 216 Chicago

FREE!

We want to show you our approval sheets—you won't have to buy unless you want to. Hence this offer. To every girl who asks us to send her a selection of fine stamps on approval, enclosing two cents return postage, we will present with our compliments, a copy of the world's smallest postage stamp. We've only got eight hundred copies of this stamp left, so write that letter today.

A FEW BARGAINS:

- 100 All different fine stamps, 10c.
- 200 All different from every part of the known world, 25c.
- 500 All different from every part of the known world, 95c.
- 1000 All different, a fine packet, old and new, \$2.45.

WILBUR F. CANNON

1413 Carey Avenue Davenport, Iowa

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE

Big Variety packet of foreign stamps from all over the world with our price list free for 2c postage.

GRAY STAMP CO.

Dept. A. G., Station E. Toronto, Canada

FREE A fine premium to applicants for my approvals. 250 well mixed stamps from many countries, only 25c. 25 stamps, all different, 40c.

R. W. WAGNER STAMP COMPANY
2053 E. 88TH STREET CLEVELAND, OHIO

ONE CENT LINE

Let us get acquainted! Apply at once for the One Cent Line approval books, hundreds of varieties to choose from. You get 6 stamps for 5c; 12 for 10c; 18 for 15c; etc. All bargains. Write at once before you forget it! Thank you.

A. G. SIMIONESCU Hackensack, N. J.

BARGAINS

	Cat.	Net
Russia 87, 135-6-7-8.....	\$4.05	\$3.10
Nyasasa 81 to 90.....	.64	.05
Ukraine 156 to 169.....	.69	.05
Bavaria 92 and 93.....	.11	.04
Cuba 355.....	.10	.02
Turkey 50 Var.....	1.75	.25
White Russia 81 to 90.....	1.00	.05

HUGH DOUGHERTY

2010 Moore Street Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Bavaria.....	10c.	3 Hejaz.....	10c
20 Ukraine.....	15c.	4 N. Borneo.....	05c
25 New Zealand.....	25c.	8 Tunis.....	05c.
3 Iceland.....	05c.	500 Foreign.....	50c

EDGAR B. MOREHOUSE

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Stamp Collecting

The most fascinating hobby. Stamp Collectors always lead their classes in Geography, History. Teaches observation. 100 All Different, incl. Peru, China, Nyasasa, etc., 10c. 1000 All Different, from nearly every country, \$2.00. Fine selection sent on approval. We cater especially to Junior Collectors and Beginners.

SERVICE STAMP CO.

82 Nassau Street New York, N.Y.

GIVING HALF OF THE WORD

(Continued from page 35)

a surge of shame as she realized how little she ever thought about God.

She found there were tears on her cheeks as she turned impulsively to tell the little Puritan girl of her remorse. But she turned too suddenly.

There wasn't any little Puritan girl. Just the fire and the big chair and—blessed sound—mother, singing in the kitchen. A thought she had hardly time to think through sent her flying to the kitchen to have mother's unfailing kindly judgment on it.

Back again to the telephone. Jean's voice. Alice Ann's voice, stammering a badly phrased invitation. And then from the other end of the wire:

"Oh, Alice Ann!" ecstatically, "do you mean it? Are you actually asking me to go to a real Thanksgiving dinner in the country? In a sleigh? With mothers and aunts, and even grandmothers? And turkey on a platter? Oh, Alice Ann! I'm going to ring off and burst into tears. I've never had any people—never. I can't believe it. I'll stop at the florist's to buy your mother a 'hugeous' bunch of chrysanthemums, and then I'll fly up to talk about it with you for hours."

And Jean was gone, leaving Alice Ann with the warmest feeling in her heart that she'd ever had there. And here was Tom, coming in the front door again. She was wondering just how she'd tell him how she'd changed her mind, when he spoke, shamefacedly and a little grudgingly:

"Say, dad said he'd heard about the gang going to the game, and wondered if I'd want to go."

Alice Ann felt a quick pang. Tom wouldn't be there, then? However, she was loyal.

"Oh, Tom, that's fine! You must be tickled."

"Tickled, your hat!" said Tom, impressively. "I went sailing out to tell Jack, and on the way I got to thinking about missing seeing grandmother, and missing that turkey and not being there when the bunch piles out of the sleigh, and I came doggoned near bawling. I went to Jack's all right, and I asked him to cut the crowd and come with us."

"Tom!" gasped his sister. "What did he say?"

"Say," shouted Tom, "he ate me up. Said he had been hungry for a

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR COLLECTIONS

100 Different, 15 cts.; 200, 35 cts.; 500, 95 cts. 1000 Hinges, 10 cts. Illustrated Album, 75 cts. Dime Packet List and 50% Approvals on request.

A. J. KOMMERS

159 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The following contain only clean, desirable stamps that it is a pleasure to show: 45 var. French colonies for 22c.; 11 Newfoundland for 11c.; 2 stamps from each Australian State for 8c.; 3 old Hawaii for 11c. Cards for keeping loose stamps safe 6 for 15c. or 25c. per doz. Remember—for bargains in stamps—the best in stamp values are offered by

R. H. MOWER

12 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.

FOREIGN STAMPS AND COINS

Of the 19th Century

Price Lists Free

ROBERT M. LANGZETTEL

Box 734 New Haven Conn.

Beginners Special, 14c

100 all different stamps.
20 Varieties Liechtenstein.
10 Diff. from Austria and Roumania.
100 best peelable hinges.
Perforation gauge.

Price list and approvals on request.

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815 W. 35th Street, Norfolk, Va.

DOES NOT GUM UP PEN



40 cents' worth makes a quart of the best ink you ever used

Boys and Girls EARN XMAS Money

Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10c a set. When sold, send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00.

NEUBECKER BROS.

961 E. 23rd St., Dept. 39, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO SELL

Send for 25 packages of Beautiful Christmas Post Cards. Sell for 10 cents a package. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. WE TRUST YOU. AMERICAN CARD CO., Dept. 10, Beverly, Mass.

MAKE \$10 PER 100 stamping names on key checks. Send 25c for sample and instructions. A. M. G. KEVYAG CO., Coboes, N.Y.

\$3 PER 1000 allowed to distribute circulars. Send 10c for sample circular, circulars and instructions. A. M. G. INHALER CO., Coboes, N.Y.

\$30 EVENINGS home made kit. Small mail order business started with \$3. I will trust you \$3. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and plan. 25c. A. M. G. SCOTT, Coboes, N.Y.

\$10 PER 1000 paid for cancelled stamps. High prices paid for coins. Send 10c for price list. A. G. SCOTT, Coboes, N.Y.



SAVE YOUR EYES

by using our self-threading needles when you sew. Used all over the country.

10c a card — 25c a package, postpaid

HELMERS CO., Hoboken, N. J.

P. S.—Good Live Girls Wanted to Sell These to Friends.

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Manufacturers since 1869 of

NECKERCHIEFS
MIDDY SQUARES
MIDDY TIES
WINDSOR TIES

for camps and schools in many colors and qualities including the best silk and mercerized cotton grades. These may be purchased from The Girl Scout Supply Dept.

(See Price List)

Contracts solicited

STANTON BROTHERS

105-107 Fifth Ave.

New York City

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

SAMTER BROS. CO.

SCRANTON, PA.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th St., at F St., N.W.

Washington, D. C.

real Thanksgiving for ten years. His folks go South, and when he goes there it's summer and hotel stuff and nothing like Thanksgiving. And when he's here he has to go around alone. He almost wept on my shoulder. I tell you, kid, we were all wrong. What was wrong with our Thanksgiving was that everybody else was doing some of the giving but us. Once we think a little about somebody else, the whole thing looks different. You think it over."

And Alice Ann, being a wise sister, merely answered:

"All right, Tom; I will."

THE END.

A New Money Making Plan!

Troop No. 54, St. Bernard, Ohio, furnished the paste for the St. Bernard public school last year, realizing a profit of \$11.75. The Captain, a teacher in the school, having previously arranged with the superintendent, took orders from the teachers at the regular monthly teachers' meeting. A committee of five or six girls was appointed each month to make the paste, and these same girls, dressed in uniform, delivered the orders.

In December, a larger order than usual was received, and the girls spent a busy evening decorating the paste jars for Christmas. A picture of a Girl Scout, cut from THE AMERICAN GIRL, mounted on white paper and decorated with a neat little border, was pasted on each jar, and served as a label. To each jar was also attached a pretty Christmas card with good wishes for the teacher.

BALLOONS FOR GIRL SCOUT DANCES PARTIES and PARADES

These may be printed to suit the occasion. Where several hundred balloons are required we can supply

GAS

"The kind that makes balloons go up"

and all the necessary equipment to inflate balloons. Write for quotations and particulars.

603
THIRD
AVENUE



NEW
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at 39th St.

At GIMBELS

PHILADELPHIA

GIRL SCOUTS WILL FIND

—Uniforms and Equipment of all kinds, for one girl or for an entire Troop. And a prompt and helpful Service—a Girl Scout Lieutenant is in charge who will take a personal interest in your particular requirements.

GIMBEL BROTHERS

SCOUT SERVICE

PHILADELPHIA

PASS YOUR SEWING TEST

By Making Your Own Uniforms at Home and Save Money

With our "Ready to Sew" garments any Girl Scout can make her own uniform in a "jiffy" and have one that fits better, looks better and is better. Material all cut out. Illustrated charts and complete instruction with each garment.

PRICES OF READY TO SEW UNIFORMS

Size	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Long Coat	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$3.25	\$3.25	\$3.25
Short Coat and Skirt..	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	4.25	4.25	4.25
Skirts, Extra	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	2.00	2.00	2.00
Bloomers	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50

With each ready to sew garment the necessary buttons and G. S. lapels are given FREE

Manufactured by M. M. Anderson, Jamaica, N. Y.

On Sale
at **GIRL SCOUTS, INC., 189 Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK**

GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS



LONG COAT

READY MADE

Size 10 to 18..... \$3.50
Size 38 to 42..... 4.00

READY TO SEW

Size 10 to 18..... 2.75
Size 38 to 42..... 3.25

KHAKI HAT, \$1.50

Approx. head measurement	Size
20 1/4 in.	6 1/2
21 1/4 "	6 3/4
21 1/2 "	7
22 "	7 1/4
22 1/4 "	7 1/2
22 1/2 "	7 3/4
23 "	7 1/2
23 1/2 "	7 3/4
23 3/4 "	7 1/2
24 1/4 "	7 3/4
24 1/2 "	8

SPECIAL NOTICE

Hats are not returnable. Be sure to give the correct size when ordering.



RAINCOAT

Girl Sizes 6 to 16 \$6.00
Juniors 15 to 19 8.00



RAIN CAPE

Girl Sizes 6 to 16 \$7.00
Junior Sizes 15 to 19 10.50

Poncho (45x72) \$3.25
(60x82) 4.50



SHORT COAT AND SKIRT SUIT

READY MADE

Size 10 to 18..... \$4.50
Size 38 to 42..... 5.00

READY TO SEW

Size 10 to 18..... 3.75
Size 38 to 42..... 4.25

OFFICIAL PRICE LIST OF FLAGS

NOTICE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

American Flags

Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8 1/2 inches		4.50

Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No..... \$1.50

Staffs

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.40
G. S. Emblem, Separate	3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier	2.50

Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price Each	Price for Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2 1/2 x 4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
Flag Set			\$1.25

Includes:

- 1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed 6-ft Staff
- 1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case

Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not jointed..... .60

Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair..... .75

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT (Girl Scouts), 189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN GIRL

GIRL SCOUT SWEATERS

ALL WOOL, CLOSELY KNITTED — COLOR, OLIVE DRAB

SWEATER COAT

Price
Sizes 34 to 40.....\$7.50



SLIP-ON MODEL

Price
Sizes 34 to 40.....\$6.50



Please Order by Size

OFFICIAL OUTDOOR UNIFORMS

Middy, sizes 10 to 42..... \$1.75
Skirt (R. M.), sizes 10 to 18..... 2.00
" 18 to 42..... 2.00

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(Made of Official Girl Scout Khaki)

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE,

(GIRL SCOUTS)

NEW YORK CITY.

Volume 6
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6

3 - December 1922

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